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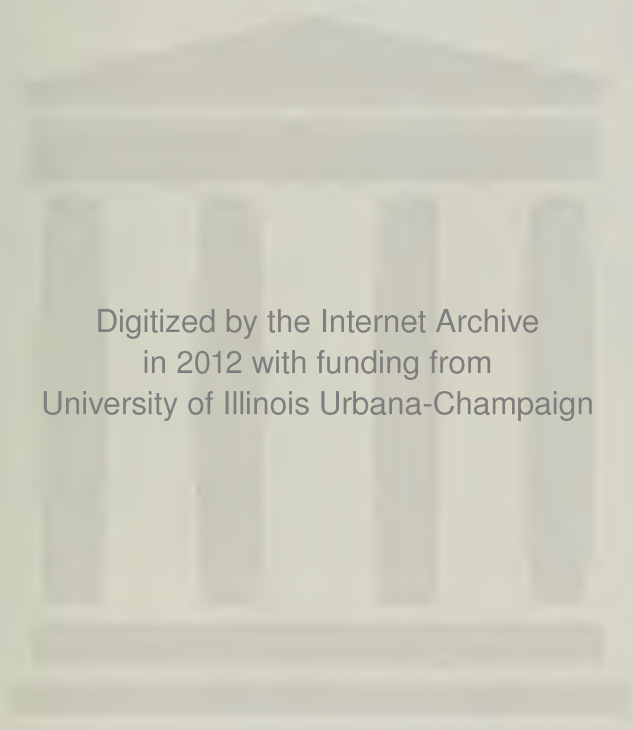


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THE ICHNOLITE.

Amherst Collegiate Magazine.



"AND, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."
Scribimus indocti, doctique.—Hor.

OCTOBER, 1860.

AMHERST :

F. BROWNING, J. H. EVANS, G. W. WAITE,—*Publishing Com.*

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THE ICHNOLITE.


A Literary Magazine,

CONDUCTED BY THE STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

IMPORTANT Changes have been made in the manner of conducting the Magazine, which it is thought will enable the Editors to make it more acceptable to their fellow students. The 8th Vol. will be issued in five numbers, each number to contain not less than 52, 8vo. pages.

This reduction will enable the Editors to be more choice in the selection of matter, and at the same time there will be abundant room for Essays, Reviews, Sketches, Poetry, &c., and for the invaluable Collegiana.

All Literary contributions should be addressed to the Editors of Ichnolite, and it is expected that all classes will come forward to the support of the Magazine. To insure a large number of contributions, two Prizes are offered—one of five dollars for the best article in prose—also one of five dollars for the best article in poetry—these prizes to be in no case awarded to any one of the Editors.

 **TERMS**—One dollar per annum in advance—or one dollar and twenty-five cents after six months.

 All business communications to be addressed to the Publishers Ichnolite, Amherst College, Mass.

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THE ICHNOLITE.

Vol. VIII. OCTOBER, 1860. No. 1.

Editors for '61.

JOHN DOLE,

WM. M. POMEROY,

GEORGE F. MERRIAM.

ELIJAH HARMON,

JAMES LEWIS,

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN LOCKE.

"Nisi Ipse Intellectus."—Leibnitz.

STRANGE! that the staunchest supporters of Human Rights should advance those theories of man's nature or destiny, which tend most to degrade him, and fit him for despotism. Strange! that the effectual means should be so severed from the righteous end, even in virtuous and philosophic minds. Yet such contradiction was seen in John Locke, as afterwards in hideous caricature, among the truly humane French Encyclopaedists. That martyr and sage, at once, in the cause of toleration and constitutional liberty, proposed a psychology which has its issue in social slavery. The author of the Treatise on Government, wrote the Essay on the Human Understanding. This was published, even at the triumph of the English Revolution.

Of his Political writings we have here no call to speak. Scholarship knows nothing of services for freedom. The study of Mind has given him a name, that is one of two, representative of a hemisphere of thought.

What of his philosophy was true, is now common to all systems. The popular estimate of Locke is formed from his Theory of the Origin of Ideas. Despite what Coleridge says of Criticism, the world judges of the whole, by the part that is false. We would

not so judge him ; yet with hearty admiration for his great achievement, and for his free, noble spirit, we, too, must rather consider this, which was the foundation of his theories, though least characteristic, and most erroneous.

Let us remember, that it is but hypothesis ; only applicable, by the supposition, to a primitive state, prior to analysis, and impossible to consciousness. Negative or positive, the sole experimental basis on which this Empirical Philosophy can rest, is an appeal to minds, infant or savage, which are quite other than philosophic.

Remember, too, that Rationalists do not assert Innate Ideas, as existing from the first, in complete logical form. "Experience is the condition, though not the principle of our knowledge." The seed-corn needs the ground, yet has the vital force within itself, and the germ of every leaf and bud. There is much difference between the cause, and the occasion, of Ideas. Mind is one—experience the other. The Understanding is not, as Locke represents it, Blank Paper ; rather, "a Closed Book," whose pages are opened by sense, but whose Reason is its own.

His indeterminateness of phrase is the source of much trouble. Give his "Reflection" as much range as you may, only so much as he sometimes seems to do ; and Locke stands confessed a Rationalist. The very process of Reflection implies original ideas, inhering in the mind, as the laws of its movements ; not abstractly held, and so in the catechism of every savage or infant ; but the vital forces of its being. You see iron-filings arrange themselves upon a surface, in a thousand, wonderful, regular forms. You may say, that it is by accident, or that the atoms do thus and thus. Look closely, you shall see that the Plate is Magnetic, and has its hidden Poles and its deep Attractions. For never, since the wind which blew the dust of Epicurus into an ordered world, has it been heard, that parts become a whole, save at the command of Law.

Even in Sensation, we do not think it true, that "the Understanding is simply passive." Sense has no such authority over Spirit. Mind receives nothing without its own agency. The Wires give no command to the Battery ; but It passes burning messages over them, and they are slaves to its will. So with the Human Understanding, and impressions of Sense.

Nor, alone, in deriving notions of Cause or Power, are innate formative principles required. In the simplest combination is a

law, in which the elements may unite. Just the idea of Capacity, mere *room to receive*, implies the proposition, conscious or unconscious, that the whole is greater than the part.

From a case, similar to this of the origin of ideas, though one far less complicated and concealed, we may see how little is the importance, in this controversy, of any appeal to infant and savage life : since the severest research has not yet satisfactorily decided, whether language be imitative, or an original gift. But while, in the source of language, as of ideas, we cannot, upon certain experiment, determine the question, whether it be innate or externally acquired, we find other facts in our constitution, which strongly bear in favor of the former supposition. There are propensions and powers, which nature implants, and fosters for years, which yet remain undeveloped into action, or even into consciousness, lying unseen and unsuspected. And while the sexual passions are unknown to the sports of childhood, and, in case of healthy education, almost up to the age of manhood and womanhood,—long after the logical laws of contradiction, and excluded middle are familiar to the mind—yet are potentially present, as an original formation of the animal constitution, and even recognized in the mental being ; should we not regard it as a sufficient answer to the plea of the empirist, that knowledge is only developed by time ? Surely, since nature is capable of such wonderful reticence, as to hide from the animal consciousness its clearly defined powers, during all the period of youth, we may well suspect a similar blindness of the earlier mental senses to a knowledge, as profound and complete, as the most sanguine Rationalist can claim, as the most exquisite culture can deduce.

We cannot conceive the universal mental principles, in dispute between the Sensationalists and their opponents, to be formed by experience ; because the supposed generalizations and abstractions are, in their totality, different from the sum of the separate specifications, and have, as universal, their own idea. Nor can we conceive them retracted ; since no Lockeite could, by the severest inverse-training, bring his mind to regard a sequence as only a probability.

We would last appeal to the Constitution of Mind. This, if only a part of things, must still have its laws ; and ideas are but conscious laws. For example, space and time are the *sensorium* of the finite ; grounded in them, by its very conditions it must

know them, independent of sensation, and only awaiting consciousness.

A Stone, by this theory, can create, can compel in the mind, the idea of power. But has mind less creative or commanding energy than the stone? It is degrading to suppose that Reason has not the knowledge of the forces which pervade Nature; that Mind is Blank-Paper, while the brute Universe is a moving, intelligent Pen, to write upon it! Is there no quick, zealous pride of the human soul to resent a dogma that makes it less spiritual because less governed by law, and less endowed with freedom, than the lifeless creation?

We have thus noticed Locke's Theory of the Origin of Ideas. The effect of such a psychology were a theme of great interest. The tendency, in its further progress, seems to have been, to drop out Reflection; whose sole function it is, as defined by Locke, "to furnish the mind with ideas of its own operations." But, when we have so infinitely degraded the dignity of the mind, as to regard it, only as a subservient part-of-things, it ceases to have much interest; philosophy is not much concerned in its special operations. If it can not determine to itself principles, it has no great significance. Hence we see the results of the theory, as towards pure sensationalism. Hartley, Priestley, and Hume followed out the doctrine to its full consequences, in deism, materialism, and positive immorality. "I wish he were dead," said Isaac Newton.

In France, it took, if possible, still lower ground, under Condillac, Bonnet, and D'Holback, against which even Voltaire rebelled. Its grand results were, Encyclopædism, and all of the French Revolution, that was more than a revolt against tyranny,

This development, even to its last stage, was legitimate, in a system, which began with regarding Man as the object of Nature, at most the uncertain interpreter of Sense; and made it the work of his life to learn that notion of Sufficient Cause, which the tiniest flower breathes in its earliest bud.

Yet Locke was not responsible beyond the fault of a mistake incidental to the beginnings of modern philosophy. What he proposed, in a spirit of manly, reverential truth-seeking, was carried out by others, with unmixed delight in its odious revealings.

He was but the occasion. The cause lay deeper, in the grounds of men's faith.

If indeed, as wise men say, truth is born amid arms ; if greater strength and sturdier faith come only from conflict, then we hold all things good, which serve better to define and illustrate error. The Essay on the Human Understanding was equally the source of past Materialism and present Rationalism : the suggestion of both.

Locke suffers the world-old disadvantage of middle-men. Even such as are inclined to his views, are likely to have more complacency in the brutalism of Hobbes, and of severer philosophers, than in the moderate and partially true opinions of Locke. Yet D'Alembert says—"he created the science of Physics, in somewhat the same way as Newton created Physics." We might as well complain of the scientific errors of Herodotus or Copernicus, as entertain aught of prejudice against John Locke, the true man, and the true philosopher, from the mistake of his theories. These are easily seen, and bring no danger. There still remains the most rigid and complete development of Sensations, ever offered the world.

He had what we may call the Temper of Good Sense : sound, frank, self-possessed. His understanding was broad, clear, vigorous. He formed the plan in simplicity, and perfected its detail with patient energy. And all is conceived and executed in such a bold, free spirit, with such a spice of sturdy self-assertion, yet with such hearty reverence for God and Man, that it remains to this day, a master-piece of true English thought and style. It should be studied carefully, with candor, by comparison of parts, and ever with respect for the author. All faults will vanish before a fair and loving criticism, and no feeling remains but admiration for John Locke, the noble advocate of personal liberties, the friend of Newton, the generous, truth-loving philosopher.

F. A. WALKER.

A GREAT DEFICIENCY IN COLLEGE.

NOTHING is easier than to find fault. There are some persons who never make an end of it. They never want what they have, nor have what they want; in short, the architect made a great mistake when the world was planned and they alone could set it right. But just look at our subject! What shall be said of us? Fear not, reader, for we, as well as you, sincerely despise grumblers, but hard things must be said sometimes, and Socrates, you know used to teach that one could confer no better favor upon a friend than to tell him his faults. So then, kind sir, consider yourself our particular friend and suffer us to whisper a few things in your ear.

Can you imagine what it is that we so much need? Is it more buildings or professorships? Is it more students? No, not so much these, but a more *thoughtful and profound scholarship*. Our Alma Mater may well be proud of her unrivalled scenery; she may boast of her cabinets, but her most valued ornaments will ever be her men, her Christian scholars. But what is a true scholar? He is not one who simply recites well, though that is an essential characteristic; much less is he of that numerous class who never in their lives awake to an aspiring thought or noble effort, but are most happy when pulling down those who sit on higher eminences. He must be a cosmopolite, one who rises above the petty jealousies of class or society, recognizes the existence of far higher realities, which may well engross his thoughts, takes Truth for his motto and bends all his energies to its discovery. Not every one who is ground in the College mill and marked *scholar*, is the true brand; from some cause the mill does not always *bolt* well, and often more bran than flour goes through. We all know this too well and may each bear his share of the blame. But what are some of the causes of this deficiency and how deeply seated are they in the College community? In the first place, there is too little self-dependence and originality. We all know what manly independence is and what wonders it has wrought. We have seen it in the erect form and determined look, have felt its power in action. But it has foes, watchful, insidious; foes that do not meet it with sword and shield, for like Achilles, it is invincible in fair combat, but Paris like, they conceal

the treacherous aim. Even now as we write there rises before us in imagination, the ungainly form of one of these fellows. He has often been vividly portrayed to horror-stricken students under the figure of a "sepulchre filled with dead men's bones." He is not an unfrequent visitor in College, and like Lycaon, though repeatedly banished, ever returns. Would that like Lycaon also, he might at last "prone upon the ground lie stretched!" We presume it will be necessary to say that we allude to translations, or as they have been strangely enough termed, "Ponies;" we say *strangely*, for if any one supposes that in these he has found any more speedy conveyance to the temple of Learning, he is sadly mistaken. At best, they can be but broken-winded, vicious animals, dangerous at all times to the life and limbs of the rider. We shall not weary you, reader, with a discussion of this threadbare subject—for you know you are our friend, and we never like to bore friends—but we crave permission to speak of one thing. It is an ancient argument with those who use translations, and yet desire to retain a reputation for scholarship, that it is advantageous to *compare* translations. Yes, we agree with you—under certain close restrictions. A pretty theory but bad practice! It cannot be too much regretted that many parents and teachers have recommended this to students on entering College. The great difficulty is, that it is so easy to tread on forbidden ground. When obstacles are encountered and a ready aid lies at the elbow, a person will seldom tax his ingenuity to the utmost before availing himself of it. When the boundary has been crossed once it will be crossed again for more trivial reasons. Thus the practice goes on increasing until it assumes the character of a habit—a necessity. Is there any independence, any profound scholarship in this, or does it *lead* in this direction? Is it favorable to originality or critical research? We have too many whose scholarship is merely borrowed—men of superficial attainments—who take facts on trust from others and are accountable for most of the vexed discussions of the day. We want more original men. Diamonds must be sought in sands yet unwashed. The beaten track must be abandoned and new paths sought through untraversed forests and wild mountain fastnesses, if new truths will be discovered.

But we propose to look at the subject a little more closely and review some of the motives which control effort in College. If

we look over the College community we shall find some who are induced to exertion in order to win honors for their particular society, and so, since actual knowledge is not the end sought, all those labor-saving contrivances which are supposed to insure a good recitation, are considered perfectly legitimate.

Too many minds, which at the commencement of the College course bid fair to shine in the literary world, have become cramped and deformed by imbibing excessive partizan zeal. No one can be a true scholar except he first becomes liberal, manfully puts away all undue party feelings, and respects his neighbor's talent just as much, even if he belong to a rival society. Then and then alone, will he be initiated into, and enjoy the communion of that greater society, the brotherhood of scholars. Now the criterion, in College, for judging a person's attainments, is too often his society relations. When an opinion is desired, it is favorable or unfavorable according as one belongs to the same or another society. Is this just? Should not a man be judged by what he *is* and not by what friends or enemies would represent him to be?

The reflex influence of such false estimation is extremely bad, and yet how common it is in College! How it insinuates itself into its very life! This ought not to be so. The muses will never find here a congenial shade until such a state of feeling is removed, even if it is attended with the destruction of societies themselves. Another motive acting with great power seems peculiar to American students. It is a desire to procure immediate reputation. No lofty deeds can be achieved without lofty aims, and when the student, who ought to devote all his powers to the discovery of Truth, descends from this high standard and finds momentary satisfaction in an empty name, he has sold his birth-right; he can no more be enrolled among scholars; he is a fair candidate for oblivion. Sudden reputations are dangerous. He who is in too great haste is very likely to stumble. Is there one who secretly desires to make his name illustrious as a benefactor to his race? It may be in his power if he can *wait*. If his name is to be graven in imperishable characters, Time must make the record. Long and persevering industry can alone insure enduring greatness. The reward, though late, will surely come at last, and fully recompense the possessor, for time will not bound it, nor eternity see its completion. What a struggle is often exhibited in

College for a great reputation for scholarship or literary ability. Substance is sacrificed for show; great pretensions are made to ease in acquisition; the great anxiety in every public performance is not, what course will best discipline the mental powers or convey truth, but what will most increase the reputation. One may well be proud of a great name when it is the index of real attainments and tried virtues, but when it is based on hollow show it elevates its possessor only to hurl him to the ground at an unexpected moment. Such are a few causes which operate to produce superficial scholarship in College. Others might be named, but these surely are enough to produce the worst results. Is there no remedy? Is there anything in the nature of the College itself which compels this state of things? We think not, but if there is any radical change it must spring from a determination in the mind of each individual to depend upon his own powers, to boldly sunder the chains of society prejudices, to turn his back upon the seductions of fame and fix his thoughts upon those eternal truths which can alone ennoble and satisfy his spiritual nature. Our country needs more profound scholars; the world needs them. They are wanted to defend truth against error. We look to them to reveal the wonderful facts of the material and spiritual world. The light which is breaking in upon the study of language prophecies revelations of extraordinary interest. The natural sciences, full of youthful vigor, are advancing with long strides. Who can sleep when the whole world is in commotion? He who refuses to share the burden shall not share the reward. But he who puts on his armor and lays it not down till death shall receive the victor's crown. Then no applause of a fickle populace will greet his ear, but he shall receive from the lips of him "who spake as never man spake," the commendation, "well done good and faithful servant." AJAX.

LITERATURE excludes from its appropriate province whatever is addressed to men as they are parted into trades, and professions, and sects—parted, it may be, in the division for mutual good; or, it may be, by vicious and unchristian alienation. It is the relation to universal humanity which constitutes literature.

Prof. Henry Reed.

ISIDORA.

I.

A WORD—a look—a tear—a sigh,
And down the jewelled bay,
I saw the white wings spreading high,
Which bore my love away ;
Hour after hour I paced the shore
Gazing upon the wave,
In silent prayer to Him who rules,
Who can protect and save ;
And then methought I clearly heard
The music of that parting word,—
“Over the seas, the glittering seas,
White with the sails and fresh with the breeze,
Far away through the sparkling foam,
Where in the sunny land I roam,
There will I muse, and sweetly dream
Of the old red-house by the purling stream,
And memory serve as a carrier dove,
To waft the vows of our plighted love.”

II.

At length along the heavenly coast
I saw the angels march,
And hang each one his shining lamp
Upon the golden arch ;
Then Faith grew strong within my breast,
And Hope revived again,
To think how many seraphs watch,
The ways and paths of men.
And oft methought I clearly heard
The music of that parting word,—
“Over the seas, the glittering seas,
White with the sails and fresh with the breeze,
Far away through the sparkling foam,
Where in the sunny land I roam,
There will I muse, and sweetly dream
Of the old red-house by the purling stream,
And memory serve as a carrier dove,
To waft the vows of our plighted love.”

III.

Again I sought the cottage home
Where many times before,

A clear blue eye and ringing voice
Had hailed me at the door ;
But as I raised the well-worn latch,
And trod the oaken hall,
No sound of joy or tripping feet
Responded to my call ;
But still methought I clearly heard
The music of that parting word,—
“Over the seas, the glittering seas,
White with the sails and fresh with the breeze,
Far away through the sparkling foam,
Where in the sunny land I roam,
There will I muse, and sweetly dream
Of the old red-house by the purling stream,
And memory serve as a carrier dove,
To waft the vows of our plighted love.”

IV

I turned my steps to “Myrtle Hill,”
Which towers above the main,
And where so oft we sang of joys
When we should meet again ;
But there the winds played through the trees,
A sadly solemn dirge,
And ocean's billows mocked my grief
With their unceasing surge ;
And now methought I faintly heard
The music of that parting word,—
“Over the seas, the glittering seas,
White with the sails and fresh with the breeze,
Far away through the sparkling foam,
Where in the sunny land I roam,
There will I muse and sweetly dream
Of the old red-house by the purling stream,
And memory serve as a carrier dove,
To waft the vows of our plighted love.”

V.

Day after day, month after month,
I sought that mossy shrine,
Where in the evening's star-lit hours
She joined her life to mine ;
But still no tidings came to tell
That she was safely o'er
The tempest-tossed, deep-throbbing sea,
Upon Italia's shore ;
And then those words came with a chill,
Forever ringing, singing still,—

“ Over the seas, the glittering seas,
White with the sails and fresh with the breeze,
Far away through the sparkling foam,
Where in the sunny land I roam,
There will I muse, and sweetly dream
Of the old red-house by the purling stream,
And memory serves as a carrier dove,
To waft the vows of our plighted love.”

VI.

At last one drear autumnal night,
In dreams I saw my love,
Among the ever shining hosts
That thread the courts above ;
Time fled and soon the message came
Across the rolling wave,
That on a distant rock-girt isle
Was Isidora's grave ;
And then among the heavenly throng
I heard unchanged that parting song,—

“ Over the seas, the glittering seas,
White with the sails and fresh with the breeze,
Far away through the sparkling foam,
Where in the sunny land I roam,
There will I muse, and sweetly dream
Of the old red-house by the purling stream,
And memory serve as a carrier dove,
To waft the vows of our plighted love.”

VII.

But as the future rose to view,
So sad—so strangely dark,
I thought to plunge beneath the tide
And break life's fragile bark.
For babbling brook, and lane, and thatch,
Seemed singing all the day
Of her who once had known them well,
But now had passed away ;
And as I walked along the sea,
These words were whispering still to me,—

“ Over the seas, the glittering seas,
White with the sails and fresh with the breeze,
Far away o'er the sparkling wave
There is my Isidora's grave,
And now no more does she sweetly dream
Of the old red house by the purling stream,
For her angel soul has fled above,
To the realms of perfect, endless love.”

VIII.

The old red-house is standing still
Above the roaring main,
And there you see the beaten path
Adown the lovers' land ;
But since that sorrow-laden day,
My feet have trod no more
The lane, the thatch, the oaken hall,
Nor paced the rocky shore ;
For in the hours of silent sleep,
Sad memories through my bosom creep,—
“Over the seas, the glittering seas,
White with the sails and fresh with the breeze,
Far away through the sparkling foam,
Where in the sunny land I roam,
There will I muse, and sweetly dream
Of the old red-house by the purling stream
And memory serve as a carrier dove,
To waft the vows of our plighted love.”

* *
*

A WORD ABOUT REFORMERS.

EVERY era in the world's history is marked by its own distinguishing characteristics. That this is particularly true of our times is potent to the most superficial student of history. To-day change is at work everywhere. Every year is crowded with events big with importance in their relations to man. New forces seem to be at work through the whole civilized world, daily evolving new and startling facts. Great events follow each other in such quick succession that we have ceased to be astonished. In our own country, the Revolution, itself only an expression of the principles that had long been at work in the minds of our forefathers, marked the beginning of this era.

In Europe, “this process of change was inaugurated by the greatest event in modern times, in itself indeed only a result, the first French revolution.”

Even Asia, with her, for ages, almost changeless institutions, seems just now opening to this resistless spirit of innovation. But the great problems of the age are to be worked out in Europe and America. In these, thus far, this spirit of change has more distinctly displayed itself, and from them as a center shall go forth influences to revolutionize the whole world. But that we may see more clearly the difference between our own and other ages, let us for a moment compare it with the medieval.

The Connecticut as seen on a calm Summer day,—

“Flowing in the sunlight ever peacefully,
Towards its far off union with the mighty sea,”

is a most perfect image of the river of humanity when in its course towards the ocean of eternity it flowed almost unruffled through the middle ages. Then “a tranquil atmosphere breathed in dim religious light through the still cathedral aisle and rested around the moss covered turret of the feudal castle;” then the serf looked reverently up to his master and the worshipper knelt with undoubting faith before the crucifix; then one class possessed all the intelligence and exercised all the power, while another, entirely dependent, bowed down in willing and unquestioning obedience.

The same river when having burst the icy bands of winter, and fed by the melting snow, it overleaps its banks and restrained only by the “everlasting hills,” rushing madly, resistlessly onward—

“Toward its far off union with the mighty sea,”

is even a more perfect image of the stream of humanity, as rushing through our age, fed by new elements, it has overleaped the banks of the old channel and restrained only by the imperative “thus far and no farther,” rolls on to the ocean of eternity, sweeping away old land marks and undermining old institutions. Now, the reverence of one class for another, the unquestioning faith in creeds, the monopoly of intelligence and power have mostly passed away. The immortal truth, that, in respect to inalienable rights, all men are created equal, has gone forth and is now accomplishing its work. To-day *many* deeds are done for freedom, and

“When a deed is done for *Freedom*, through the broad earth’s aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave where’er he cowers feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood as the enegy sublime,
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

Thro’ the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the ages wrings earth’s systems to and fro ;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth’s yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future’s heart.”

The difference that exists between our time and the medieval might be shown to exist between our age and all others. In short, our age is distinct from, and in advance of all others in many important particulars.

But in nothing is this difference and superiority more marked than in the spirit of reform which at present pervades and interpenetrates the whole civilized world. Showing itself more or less all along through the history of man it has its most perfect development in the age which we distinctively call *the* present. It seems to have reached and influenced every one except those whose thoughts revolve around that little center self and whose souls contain as much as their coffins will, and no more. It has shone forth in the lives of Chalmers, Wilberforce, Howard, Judson, Nightingale, and in fact, of some in all the walks of life. Nor can orthodoxy lay claim to all its lights. It is sometimes strangely mingled with a spirit of opposition to Christianity as in Phillips, Parker and Carlyle. Reform has for its only legitimate object the lifting up of man from the deep darkness of ignorance, superstition and oppression, and placing him on the firm foundation of knowledge untrammelled by hereditary dogmas in the sunlight of perfect liberty. A Chalmers and a Parker, a Wilberforce and a Phillips, have the same end in view, though their motives of action may be vastly different. But although this spirit be universal and influences all without regard to creed or calling ; yet how many pseudo-reformers there are who utterly fail to accomplish anything worthy the name of reform. The world is full of those who seeing more or less clearly the evils in society, continually harp upon them ; but it has been blessed with too few who seeing, have devoted their lives and all their energies to eradicate those evils. This same spirit has caused many to notice and deplore the wrongs of man, while it has aroused but

very few so that "with heart within and God o'er head," they have worked earnestly, whether as well renowned leaders or unknown and unhonored privates in the man-ameliorating army of true reform. The harpers are many, the workers are few; the pseudo-reformers abound, the reformers with the ring of the true metal in them are scarce. This spirit moves hosts of young men to be reformers, who in old age become misanthropic. Young men see nations groaning under the weight of oppressive governments, making herculean efforts to rid themselves of the burden. They not only know, but feel that institutions inconsistent with the rights of the people ought to be overthrown. They cannot but understand that there are governments whose foundations are false and whose organizations are rotten to the very core, and in their influence only baneful, which should be revolutionized; and that there are governments, sound in the main, which are yet afflicted with the growth of parasites that threaten to absorb their very life blood, which ought to be pruned off by the non-sparing hand of the true reformer. In short, that there is urgent need of reform in letters, church and state. Knowing, feeling and appreciating all this, they are moved by something of the spirit of true reform to work for the good of man.

On the other hand, these same men, when a few more years have passed over them, seeing all these things even more clearly, look upon them with almost perfect indifference. Not that this is true in every case, and yet it is almost universal. In fact, we look upon it as a truism that most men who in early life are influenced by the spirit of reform, pass their old age entirely out of sympathy with every movement that has for its end the amelioration of the condition man; that many men start in life reformers, but most of them fail. The question arises, why is it so? Prominent among the reasons is the fact that almost every class of society seems imbibed with a certain something which we may most appropriately term a millennial mania, a sort of Eutopian dream. Among young and sanguine men there is a very prevalent feeling that the "good time coming" is just at hand. This leads them to enroll in the army of reform without first sitting down to reckon the probabilities of success or failure. They commence life reformers and die misanthropes, just because they start with the unfounded anticipation that all great systems of

wrong will be overthrown by them as easily as the "Old Guard" would scatter an Austrian Army. They would reform the world while yet in ignorance of themselves and the magnitude of the work they are about to undertake.

Nothing is more common than the impression among pseudo reformers that all great systems of iniquity are *just now* ready to fall. And yet nothing could be more erroneous. For it is not possible that all the many forms of wrong shall let go their iron grasp of humanity in one short hour. Human oppression, intemperance, and all the evils which have wrung scalding tears and bloody sweat from man, seem to have lost but little of their vitality and power. "Man's inhumanity to man" bids fair to make "countless thousands mourn" for ages to come. This millennial mania seems especially to pervade the Christian church.

A large class of christians look upon Roman Catholicism, Mohammedism and all other false systems, as just ready to lose their influence, and their votaries as just preparing to break asunder and cast from them the adamantine chains which have for so many ages bound them. But what foundation can any one find for such a belief? Where is the evidence that these systems are to lose the power they have so long exercised, without ages of struggles? Is it any evidence that yon rock ribbed hill will be swept away by the next Summer breeze, because you see here and there on its surface the rocks crumbling into dust? Romanism, although it has lost every vestige of its once preponderating civil power, seems to hold a spiritual dominion as extensive and strong as ever. Not that we would say with Macaulay, that the Roman Catholic Church bids fair to outlive our present civilization; but that this and all other radically wrong systems which are destined to be overthrown, *must* be overthrown by those who knowing their strength, dare to do battle against them. Would a Redan and a Malakoff ever have been taken had the French and English lulled themselves into inaction with the belief that those grim death-vomiting walls were about to fall to ground and permit them to pass over in perfect security? The day of taking strongholds, whether in the moral or physical world, by sounding trumpets around them, has passed. Thus men, reasoning falsely, or rather not reasoning at all, both in and out of the Church, are to-day

enthusiastic, warm-hearted, well-wishers to man ; to-morrow cool, calculating men of the world. If men will enter upon their life work with such false notions, there is no reason to wonder at their utter failure. This mania, this zeal not according to knowledge, leads them

“Formless themselves, reforming to pretend,
As if confusion could disorder mend.”

Y. V. U

SABRINA.*

CHASTE Sabrina, love of mine,
Daughter of the famed Loerine,
Rise from Severn's limpid waters,
To the realms of mortal air,—
From the house of Nereus' daughters,
When in beauty, bright and fair,
Throned within the crystal hall,
Thou art queen among them all,—
All the nymphs of Nereus' line
'Neath the stream or 'neath the brine.
Hail ! Sabrina, chaste and pure !
Snatched from earth, but modest still,—
Nought shall change thy virtuous will,
Nought from chastity allure ;
Neither Comus, base and vile,
With his baser, viler troop,
Nor his mother's magic smile,
With her sweet enticing cup.
Ah ! thou sittest on the brink,
Where the fawn comes down to drink !
At thy feet the fishes glide,
Through the limpid Severn tide,
And the shells and pebbles glisten,
'Mong the rushes at thy side,
And the little waves rejoice,
And the young fawn stops to listen,
To the music of thy voice.
Would that to the upper air,
There belonged a form so fair ;
Nought but heavenly beauty glows,
In the fashion of thy face.—

* Written for the benefit of those gentlemen who consulted their “Classical Dictionaries” for the “life and times” of Sabrina.—*Editor.*

Thine is all a heavenly grace,
Breathing love where'er it goes.
Thou, protectress art of virtue,—
Maidens, fear not ! she defends,
When the spoiler's curse impends ;
All his venom shall not hurt you ;
Purity your only care,
Chase the spoiler to his lair.
Thus, Sabrina, shield the pure one,
In the pleasures that allure one,
Whether Comus and his crew,
Or a false, insidious friend,
To thine office, ever true,
From their cunning wiles defend.

S. P.

THE UTILITY OF POETRY.

THERE is a philosophy somewhat prevalent in our day that poetry is the legitimate offspring of a superficial age. Macaulay's youthful vagary that poetry is a species of insanity, is quite surpassed by this theory, which asserts it to be a species of ignorance. Now, of the two mistakes, this latter seems more injurious, for to be mad is only a misfortune, while to be ignorant in these days is both a misfortune and a crime. And according to modern political doctrines, the ignorant man is the state's worst enemy. Thus ignorance appears from every point of view to be more than madness. But poetry does not find her most formidable enemies among the philosophers. She wins her brightest laurels among the common people and finds her most bitter defeats. In their heavenly sympathies, whose natural direction is toward the pure and beautiful, she finds her warmest welcome, and in their earthly passions, which tend to the low and sensual, she meets her coldest repulse. Nor is it strange that among men, the poet's occupation should be so often a reproach, for her's is in truth a hard service. She demands for her servant a man of no common mould, and from him no partial homage. He who drinks from the Castalian fount upon the mountain's summit, must soil his lips with no meaner waters from the plain below. His life must be remote from the tumult of the noisy world ; his thoughts must be the home

of no sordid cares, for he is to elevate humanity, and must stand above and beyond it. He must be man and yet not of men, of "like passions" with us and yet beyond us; of development so broad and culture of mind or heart so deep, that the rest of us shall be dwarfs beside him. His work is to transmute the common things of life into gold, and he must be surrounded by the magician's mystery. But to the world this isolation seems only to spring from a morbid pride or fancied superiority, or secluding misanthropy, and thus we find one source of opposition to poetry to exist in the nature of the poet himself. And this is no insufficient reason, for men bear most things better than these peculiarities in another, and a man's opposition to truth is often in direct proportion to his own consciousness of wrong. But it is in the utilitarian tendencies of the age, and especially of our people, that the poet finds the most powerful antagonism. We profess a great admiration for the practical man, one who has "no nonsense about him." We are inclined to regard that work only as profitable which produces immediate and tangible results. Thomas Gradgrind was the voice of this people when he said, "in this life we want nothing but facts, sir, nothing but facts." We demand from our great men not those quiet graces which spring from scholarly retirement and poetic contemplation, but those sterner qualities which subdue the passions of popular assemblies (*populares vincentem strepitus*) and grapple with the rough things of life. This is not a golden age when Saturn sways the rude powers by the mildness of his reign, but its symbol is Hercules grappling with the Nemean line. But in this universal homage to the shrine of *utility*, poetry must be permitted an offering. For life is not all external and visible, nor is that only useful which contributes to the material advancement of the age. Whatever refines the intellect, cultivates the higher nature and contributes to true happiness, is included in the useful, and thus poetry, with the whole circle of fine arts, becomes of the highest utility, for its influence is upon the very essential part of man. Like religion in its truest workings, it moves directly upon the springs of action and builds up the outer man by its inner impulse. It has to deal with the loftier elements of our nature and tends naturally to purity and refinement. In support of this assertion, it is not necessary to ignore that poetry which has its range among the lower passions. In the great sum of poetry's influence since

Homer sung and the inspired psalmist wrote, that which is bad appears as a mere cypher in the grand amount. Here, as ever, Time gives the good an immortality of power, while it consigns the bad to an infamous obscurity or an equally impotent renown—it is the great balance wheel which regulates the motions of the mighty engine of eternity.

Again, poetry leads men to purity, because it lifts them above the contemplation of daily life. It makes them for a while leave the dusty paths of business, the dull routine of social life and narrowing struggle for existence, to rest in cool groves and breathe the purer air of Heaven. Then it reveals to them from the secrets of nature and brings them into more loving communion with her great heart, for she is ever “singing by night and by day, the rhymes of the universe,” but her melody is for the finely tuned ear of the poet, and most of us need his interpretation. But its highest use is to reveal to us the depths of our own natures, for he is no true man who can read a noble poem without getting a new look into his own soul. And miserable indeed is he who does not find there a diviner beauty than aught he has ever before imagined. By thus coming to a true knowledge of himself, new powers are developed within him, for the process is not a mere transfer of the poet's glowing thoughts to his own mind. The soul is not a gallery that can thus be hung with gorgeous paintings, but rather a studio, where all works of all times are wrought again into new forms of beauty. For to truly read a poem, we must go beyond it and roam in that purer region from which it came. A counterpart, or rather antetype of this poem must be felt to exist within ourselves. In this unfailing capacity of the soul we may read her essential and native purity. A fountain of pure and living water springs from something better than a barren desert, and these generous emotions come not from a soul blighted by depravity.

To many minds the objection against poetry is that it deals with false characters and is full of deceptions,—that the poet is only a dreamer, erecting structures which are beautiful to the eye but topple down with the first rude wind of practical life. On the contrary, it is impossible in the very nature of things that poetry should be false. It may, and indeed always does fail to express the poet's true conception, and in this sense only is it false, for it deals with the truest things in life. Beauty, which

looks from everything around and wakes an answer from everything within us,—passion, which sends a breath of its power across the path of the individual and ruins his proudest prosperity,—love, which breathes upon the most discordant heart and brings from it the sweetest melody, which goes with us through all our lives, smoothing down our rugged natures, filling up the rough places in the journey, and at last bearing us away to its own eternal throne;—thought, which grapples with the mighty problems of the universe and solves the hardest riddles, yet is ever beating with restless wing against the bars of its own limits, these all are the subjects of poetry and these are the truest things in life. The elements of poetry then are real and its results can be false only through a false arrangement of this material. But this seems to be an imperfection of the poet only and not a fault of his art. His *art* is the honey with which every humble or gorgeous flower of life is laden, *he* is the bee who may often gather with it the darker colors and more subtle odors of the flowers themselves. In thus enriching his work from all the experiences of humanity, he is no more false than the sculptor who selects a single charm from each of a hundred living forms and combines them into one perfect whole. The Apollo is more beautiful than any living form, yet each perfect limb expresses a true manly beauty. Thus we have found poetry akin only to the useful, the pure and the true. In utility it is above all law, for this only restrains the vices, only binds up and cages the passions while *it* enters their own dark lair and tames them into willing submission. In purity, it is the revelation of man to himself, ever whispering to him of undeveloped capacities within and unknown possibilities beyond. In truth, it combines the great realities of life into some grand unity and thus becomes the greatest reality of them all.

KISSES.

A STOLEN kiss
Has the most of bliss,
Of any thing
That poets sing.
The kiss of a mother,
A sister or brother,
Is dear to the heart
When loved ones part;
But the only joy
Without alloy,
In a world like this,
Is a maiden's kiss.

PLYMOUTH.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—

I have to present you with a production more desultory than I could wish, and perhaps not of that distinctively literary character, which is most proper for the Ichnolite. But let the spirit of the times crave for it some pardon—a spirit that is ever prompting to the discovery of facts, and is ready to devour articles of news and statistics, of whatever kind—so that it has become true, that facts are most eloquent, and effective on the public mind. Let another excuse be the vital connection which the transactions of the Plymouth Colony bear to our history.

When the traveler visits the spot hallowed by sacred memories, or the scene of some decisive battle, we marvel not, that he is thrilled by the associations of the place, or that the very breezes which play around him, seem eloquent with voices. Thus, that at Thermopylae he catches sounds which appear as if wafted down the aisles of time—that, in the

“Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like throng,”

he is enrapt and subdued by these “memories,” we never wonder. It is as we expect, when he says,

“And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit did ‘whisper to me.’”

To the casual observer, Stratford-on-Avon presents nothing of superior interest, but to one who loves to revel in the choicest sparkles of wit, the liveliest sketches of fancy, and the loftiest flights of imagination, it is a spot elect.

So, to an American, perhaps, the most revered spot of earth, is the shire-town of the Old Colony of Massachusetts Bay. As Americans, we look upon New Plymouth, as one of the chief centers, from which have radiated those principles of energy, enterprise and intelligence which have dotted the continent with villages and cities, and threaded it with roads of iron. *There* is Plymouth Rock. *There* too is Burying Hill. Let us visit these grounds!

A ride of thirty-seven and one-half miles, on the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad, to the south-east of Boston, lands us near where the waves

“Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below.”

We do not find a deep and secure harbor, the want of which has deprived Plymouth of much desirable trade. “They sounded the harbor and found it fit for shipping, and marched into the land and found divers corn fields, and little running brooks, a place, as they supposed, fit for situation.” Such was the testimony of Morton. But, unfortunately, since that time, the action of storms and tides has filled the harbor, until it is too shallow for vessels of the largest draft. “The harbor is protected by a beach three miles in extent, about one mile from the wharf.” This beach has been much reduced by the inroads of the sea. “It was originally well wooded,” but by depredations the trees have all disappeared. “The predominant growth of the forest, is the *Pinus taeda*, designating a soil of third-rate quality.”

There is not a single ledge in the township, and how curious to note the fact, that *one loose rock* on the shore, “should have become so famous as is that called the ‘Pilgrim Rock.’” Remarkable examples of the Drift formation are seen in the rounded hills, scattered all over the township. The depressions between these hills are occupied by lakes or ponds, of every variety of form and size, amounting in the aggregate to the number of two hundred, with a surface of three thousand acres. The most noted of these is Billington Sea. “It was discovered by ‘Francis Billington,’ in 1621, who having the week before (on the eighth of January) seen from the top of a tree, on a high hill, a great sea, as he thought, went with the master’s mate to see it. They found seven or eight wigwams, but no inhabitants. It embosoms an island, containing two acres of land.” Thus remarks a local writer upon it:—“In this comparatively sequestered region the eagle still maintains his ancient dominion, majestically soaring above his native hills, the abode of many generations. Here the beautiful wood-duck still roams, though with diminished chances of success, in quest of a secluded retreat, and the bounding deer”—a phenomenon unique for Western Massachusetts—“sportively ranging through forest

and glade, finds refreshment on the margin of its pure waters; or, when heated in the chase from some perilous onset of the reckless hunter, with hurried flight venturously braves the welcome flood, his only chance of security from unrelenting pursuit."

The varieties of plants indigenous to the soil of Plymouth and its vicinity, are remarkably numerous. The Algae, which the storms wash upon the beaches, present us with specimens of inimitable delicacy and beauty, as well as of "direct utility, in the coarser kinds." Among the more noticeable land-plants is the May-Flower, (*epigæa*) which in favorable situations awakes from its winter's repose, at the middle, or even the beginning of April. "A curious and somewhat rare plant, closely related to the crowberry or crakeberry of Alpine regions, flourishes with us in certain spots." "The linear-leaved sundew was first detected there, by the late venerable Judge Davis." Space forbids us to speak of the maritime sandwort, beach-grass and sea-pea, of the sands—the orchis, *arethusa* and rich cardinal flower, of the meadows—the sabbatia, hedge-nettle and *coreopsis*, of the pond borders—or the *xyris*, pickerel-weed, white arrow-head and bladderwort, fixed by delicate root-fibres in the soft ooze of the tiny lakes, with water-mill foils, *ranunculuses*, glossy-leaved water-targets and sedges, entangled among them. Tracts of wild primitive forest remind us of the original wilderness, in which Freedom first sought a home.

The Town Records were commenced in 1638. "The first entry relates to a division of cattle which had considerably increased from a single heifer, given to begin a stock for the poor, by James Shirley." In examining these old records, you will be struck with their plainness and state of preservation, as well as the feature of strict justice in all apportionments of property.

Here, too, and in the Old Colony Records, are rich treasures for autograph fanciers. To show the care evinced by the people that apprentices should have an opportunity to acquire the common branches of education, an extract from the Old Colony Records of Feb. 11th, 1635, will suffice, which "deponeth," that "Benjamin Eaton, with his mother's consent, is put to Bridget Fuller, (the widow of Dr. Samuel Fuller,) being *to keep him at school two years*, and employ him after, in such service as she saw good, and he may be fit for." The Old Records are kept in the Court House, which is a new and very elegant building. Here also, in

a box, the original seal of the colony is carefully preserved. The Old Colony arms are—"four men kneeling, implumed hearts in their hands, on a field quarterly—legend, Plymouth, *Novanglia, sigillum societatis*, 1620."

The present population is nearly six thousand, seven hundred, which may be contrasted with "one hundred and four score persons, some cattle, but many swine and poultry," in 1624, according to a work on New England, by Capt. John Smith, published in 1631.

The whole amount of taxable property in the town, exceeds three millions of dollars. There are manufactories of cordage, nails, boots and shoes.

Among the attractions of Plymouth, to the antiquary, Pilgrim Hall will ever be one of the chief. Its corner stone was laid in 1624, containing historical inscriptions. The edifice is seventy by forty feet, constructed of unwrought split granite, and is of plain architecture. Of the hundreds of interesting objects we can name but a few—the gun-lock attached to the gun with which King Philip was shot—many instruments in writing, with the signatures of John Alden, Oliver Cromwell, Peregrine White, and very many others—the sword of Miles Standish, which has of late attracted the attention of the savans, on account of the peculiar, undeciphered inscriptions on its blade. A fac simile was lately taken and sent to the University of Göttingen, and inspected by Baron Humboldt, who was unable to decipher the characters. The chief ornament of the Hall, however, is a large historical painting, executed by Henry Sargent, Esq., and presented by him to the Pilgrim Society. "It represents the principle personages of the company at the moment of landing, together with the Indian Samoset, who approaches them with a friendly welcome."

"His comely form and features stand,
Portrayed by Sargent's tasteful hand,
Beside the group of exiled name,
Who pressed the Rock of endless fame."

The different characters are represented with great discrimination and power. We ever feel deeply impressed with the high spiritual expression of those honored faces—in them is nothing sensual—all is earnest, thoughtful, trustful, pure. If we ascend

Burying Hill—originally called Fort Hill, because used for defensive purposes—we shall have spread out before us, a scene of pleasing, varied and impressive beauty. The eye glances directly over the buildings of the town, on either side. If the day be clear and quiet, a Sabbath stillness reigns around. The hushed air but just breathes over this most venerable necropolis. Let it be at full tide, when the thoughtful observer comes,

“To the hill of hallowed brow
Where the Pilgrim sleepeth now.”

Toward the east is the unruffled ocean, holding “mirrored on its tranquil bosom the varied forms of surrounding objects.” The repose of nature symbolizes the “deeper repose brooding over the sleep of many generations.” Right athwart the vision toward the south-east, rises the ridge of Manomet, to the height of four hundred feet above the ocean, the huge rocks at its base beaten by the billows, passively receiving their foaming crests. Near Manomet (called by sailors Monument) Point, commences a beach three miles in length, serving as a protection to the harbor. Straight across the bay loom the white cliffs of Cape Cod, as if suspended in mid-air. Recalling the vision—toward the northeast it is met by the Gurnet light-house, at the extremity of Marshfield beach, seven miles from the main land. These points completely enclose the harbor, which holds Clark’s Island and Saquish in its bosom. It was on the former island, that on entering Plymouth Harbor from Eastham, the wrecked shallop of the Mayflower, “narrowly escaped destruction from the foaming breakers of the neighboring cove.” Still farther on, in the town of Duxbury,

“We trace the mount, which gently soars,
Above the sea, and circling shores,
Where Standish, first of martial name,
Who dauntless won heroic fame,
Was wont to gaze on every side,
And scan the sail of every tide.”

Immediately below your position, toward the sea and beyond the clustering houses, is a lesser eminence, where the pilgrims, beset by dangers, first buried their dead, and planted the earth above them with corn, that the natives might not know how many died.

This spot is Cole's Hill, from which, says Choate, after performing this last sad office, without a sign, calmly, with triumph, they turned away from the grave."

"The rising hill, upon whose brow,
Was first exchanged the solemn vow,
Where Massasoit, the Indian Chief,
So freely tendered kind relief,
And by whose early proffered aid,
A lasting peace was firmly made,"

stands at the southeast, and is now called Watson's Hill. Behind you are the highlands and the forests—yet not so high as to hide the sun's last ray from this city of the dead. Then, thoughtfully musing on the silent inhabitants of that ancient spot, no words of yours can better express your thoughts than the apposite words of Pierpont.

"The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest :
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie ;
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last."

But one more object will claim our attention. But that object has become hallowed by time, and honored by a mighty and a grateful people. Says Saltonstall, "we have an advantage over all nations in being able to trace our history from the beginning. We have no fabulous age, but it has more romance than any which has ever been written."

"A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires
From bondage far over the dark rolling sea,
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah ! which glow in our bosom to thee."

See,

"In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sand they bow."

And thus began our history. How welcome to those weary voyagers that dark gray boulder of hard Sienitic granite! It is probably not a rock *in situ*, but erratic. And it is hardly out of the line of christian faith to believe that it was *designed* to welcome those stern, strong men to this bleak coast, and to furnish after ages with a name, which should be the rallying cry in the onset against oppression, and the shout in victory. Does the visitor inquire,—“Is this the *veritable* rock, which first received the Pilgrims?” Happily we can answer with assurance. Elder Thomas Faunce was born in the year 1646 and died in 1745, at the age of ninety-nine. In 1781, “learning that a wharf was to be built near or over the rock, which up to that period had kept its undisturbed position at the water’s edge, and fearing that the march of improvement might subject it to injury, he expressed much uneasiness.” Though “in declining health, he left home, and in presence of many citizens, pointed out the rock we have described as being that one which the Pilgrims, with whom he was contemporary and well acquainted, had uniformly declared to be the same on which they landed in 1620. Upon this occasion this venerable and excellent man took a final leave of this cherished memorial of the fathers.” And, as says De Tocqueville, here is the “stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant, and the stone has become famous; it is treasured by a great nation; its very dust is shared as a relic. And what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces? Who cares for them?” Yes, “A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,” and on it stood the germ of American Saxondom. True, there were previously, here and there, isolated bands of settlers—some slight material—but the *soul* of America landed on Forefather’s Rock, Dec. 22d, 1620. We will ever hail it as our beacon, and cherish it as the most sacred relic of sainted men.

“Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand,
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend—
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM LAND.”

PERSONAL HISTORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE personal history of Shakespeare is involved in much obscurity. His birth at Stratford-upon-Avon, his early marriage, his subsequent resort to the London stage, and his death at the place of his birth, with a few accompanying dates, constitute nearly the whole that is now definitely known of him. Many of the anecdotes related of him are now rejected by the most competent authorities as corrupted traditions, or pure fabrications. And when the unreliable is sifted out, that which remains is so meagre and so indistinct, that we may well adopt the conclusion of De Quincey; "that he lived and that he died, and that he was a little lower than the angels,—these make up pretty much the amount of our undisputed report." When we consider the nearness of Shakespeare's time to our own, and the unrivaled celebrity of his works for a century past, we are surprised at this obscurity, and forced to conclude that the time for its removal is already past.

Why his history is so meagre, while the chronicles of his times and the lives of his cotemporaries are well preserved, is a question of no little interest. Some suppose that Shakespeare never attained general popularity during his lifetime, and that his writings did not receive marked attention from the public, till years after, when nearly all information of the author had been lost. Others think that the civil and political struggles which occurred in England soon after the death of Shakespeare, had much to do in turning attention from the stage, and consequently from his life and writings. Admitting the truth of these suppositions, and allowing for their combined effect, still we can not but be surprised that one of Nature's favorites should thus almost pass into oblivion, before his works became known to fame. The causes assigned seem hardly sufficient to account for the result, and we involuntarily call for some additional explanation. It would almost seem as if Nature lent to her chosen ones a garb of mystery, as the finishing element of their greatness. Thus while Homer reaps as the fruit of his genius the homage of the world, the questions who he was, where he lived, and how he lived, are capable of but very imperfect solution. Time alone cannot do

this work of obliteration; since the nearer are often less known than the more remote. Spencer is not much better known than the old Saxon kings, who lived centuries before him. Nor can we believe it to be the mere caprice of fortune. Perhaps then we may find the needed additional explanation in the character of the man and of his age.

The highest genius is the offspring of an objective age, that is, an age when the mind is alive not so much to itself, as to the external world; when the soul goes out and enters into its objects, instead of bringing them home and incorporating them within itself. But the very age that is thus adapted to create the greatest men, is least inclined to preserve and doat upon their personal history. The petty circumstances of birth and station, and the incidents of private and domestic life, are too little to attract the attention of an age in which objective thought prevails. Such an age was that of Shakespeare as compared with our own. It is hardly a matter of wonder then that his personal history should have been overlooked to a great extent. Hence we need not peevishly complain as some have done, that the men of Shakespeare's time failed to appreciate their great cotemporary, or charge him with being illiterate in order to excuse their supposed neglect, or attribute every deficiency in his history to a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances. Though a lady relative collected and lost many of the family papers, though the family mansion was burned, and though a parliamentary war ravaged that part of the country, still we are not forced to look at these facts alone for explanation.

Let us now examine the character of the man. This can be done only by bringing out the facts of his life, so far as they are known. They would seem to be these. Shakespeare was of no mean extraction. To his intellectual endowments were added external beauty, and grace of action. With little opportunity to attend public school, in consequence of his father's straightened circumstances, he made the most of his opportunities by seizing everything of a literary kind within his reach. Thus by himself, precisely as men often do now when in adverse circumstances, he mastered the best English works, and gained an acquaintance with the classics, partly through translations, and partly through study of the originals, and also a smattering of French and

Italian. Having thus spent his boyhood days, at the age of eighteen or thereabouts, he became enamored of a respectable lady some six years older than himself, and married her. Being self dependent and soon blessed with children to provide for, he was necessitated to bestir himself for the means of support. For though an incipient genius, like other men he must have food and clothing for himself and little ones. Accordingly as several of his townsmen were already connected with the London stage, and the drama was peculiarly agreeable to his tastes, he embraced the first opportunity to join them, leaving his family behind in their quiet home. He had found his true sphere. He almost immediately commenced remodeling and constructing plays, and his efforts were uniformly well appreciated, except when envy or rivalry raised the note of disapprobation. Thus he went on year by year till he had reached the pinnacle of dramatic fame, and also secured a competency. He then retired to his cherished home at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he soon after died in the meridian of life. With no apparent ambition for glory, no thirst for fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds," he resorted to the stage for the means of living, and retired to his home when external pressure had been removed, having won his laurels unconsciously. He appears to have lived and died without the slightest anxiety about the fate of his writings, or the remotest idea of his future renown. In this his character was as rare as his genius. Burns and Goldsmith both wrote some of their best works to eke out a subsistence; but they were always fully conscious of themselves, always keenly alive to "the spur of fame." Most writers of note have left interspersed in their writings, frequent scraps of personal incident and experience, from which their history can be made out with a good degree of accuracy. But Shakespeare was notoriously reckless of his reputation as an author. It is said that he never alluded either to himself or to his rivals, in all his writings. It could hardly be expected then that others would be over-anxious to preserve his personal history, when he was so perfectly oblivious of it himself. Shakespeare's self-forgetfulness had well nigh caused him to be forgotten by others. This trait of character conspicuous in the little that is left of his history, is a satisfactory explanation why that history should have been no more complete.

In thus solving the question proposed, we have some upon an element of his character which it may not be unprofitable to examine for a moment, since by it his life is best understood, and his excellence best appreciated. Whether his self-forgetfulness was a result of his genius, or a constituent part of it, may be a matter of dispute. But as those who have most in their minds are least solicitous lest others should fail to find it out, we may at least take his indifference to personal reputation as the highest evidence of the *greatness* of his genius. In looking back from our stand-point, we think he might well have left his intellectual progeny to shift for themselves without the yearnings of parental care, since their beauty could not be tarnished, nor their vitality quenched. But his stand-point was not ours; and he did not, like Cicero and Horace, harbor the presentiment of his future fame. It was not the approbation of his works by others that rendered them a source of pleasure to himself. His mind was satisfied in evolving itself in its creative acts, and needed no further gratification. His works were the spontaneous outworking of his genius, and in this very spontaneity was his pleasure. It may be that this self-forgetfulness came partly from another source. The literary man prides himself upon his work according as that work comes up to his ideal of excellence. Now as that ideal is by no means a constant, but is as various as the different orders of mind and degrees of talent, we can readily conceive that Shakespeare's ideal might have been so far above all others, that his works, great as were their excellencies, might really have appeared to him mean and deficient. In fact, from all that can be gathered, this trait of character seems to have originated quite as much in a consciousness of deficiency in his works, as in a clear insight into their real merits.

This trait of character prevents him from making known in his writings his own feelings and sympathies. He depicts all things, whether good or bad, precisely as they are to be found in nature. He introduces nothing for the sake of the moral, and excludes nothing through fear of offense. All the virtues and vices of three worlds, are made tributary to his genius, without regard to his own sympathies. True the effect of reading his works is to make vice appear more hateful and virtue more lovely. But this is not by virtue of his intention to make them thus appear, but by virtue

of his representing them just as they are. The same thing takes place when we read history in which the light and the dark shades are impartially delineated. And as he never yields to his own sympathies in his works, so he never details his experience. That is, he never makes it known as such. Not only had he no desire, but he could have no occasion so to do. So strong was his imagination, that it could surpass experience even, in exact and graphic delineation. And here is another test of genius. Says Coleridge, "where the subject is taken immediately from the author's personal sensations and experiences, the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark of genuine poetic power." Even Mrs. Stowe, one of the most imaginative of American writers, can hardly abide this test. The most vivid passage in the Minister's Wooing, is that in which she details her own experience on the death of her son, in the person of Mrs. Marvyn. But Shakespeare had no occasion to make use of his experience, since imagination could serve him quite as well. Hence De Quincey's argument can hardly be valid, in which he attempts to convict Shakespeare of a youthful indiscretion, by citing passages from his works, and assuming that they were the transcript of his feelings upon that point. He very justly rejects the story of the difficulty with Sir Thomas Lucy, as an unwarranted stigma upon the character of the poet. But then he adopts an explanation which at least is no better supported by evidence, and is certainly a worse imputation. The passages quoted from the Twelfth Night, and the Tempest, might have been the lesson of his own experience; and so might a passage in the first act of the Merry Wives of Windsor, where he speaks of venison "ill kill'd;" so might a thousand other passages, in which as many different experiences are graphically depicted. At any rate, if De Quincey's notion be the true one it is exceedingly strange that Shakespeare should prefer the pleasures of "conjugal discord," to all the charms of city life, as soon as his circumstances permitted his return home. As further illustrating this trait of self-forgetfulness, we may observe the unconcern with which he violated conventional rules in his writings. The old landmarks for comedy and tragedy he cared little about. He introduced fairies into the one, and ghosts and witches into the other, and commingled the two without scruple. And the fever for originality never tortured him. He was quite contented to spend his energies oftentimes, in dressing up old plays, or to

borrow an idea, a plot, or a leading character. Says D'Israeli,—"Hardly a single drama of our national bard can be deemed to have been of his own original invention."

He well understood that originality is not so much the attainment of something new as the perfect mastery of that which is common, and hesitated not to act accordingly, regardless of the current of public opinion.

Such was a prominent trait of Shakespeare's character—a character as well worthy of our attention as his genius. Would that we could thus forget ourselves. Would that we could distinguish our names by thus, as it were, trying to erase them from the records of time. "In strength a demi-god, in profundity of view, a prophet; in all seeing wisdom, a protecting spirit of a higher order; he lowers himself to mortals as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child." E. H.

THE MINISTRY OF FLOWERS.

SOME one has finely said: "Flowers are the Poets of Nature." Poets themselves, they have had poets in all times and countries, to sing their praises. Yet they are still the same favorites as ever. They furnish themes upon which poetry and prose alike may exhaust themselves.

As they are one of the most beautiful, so they are one of the most useful of created things. They were not made, as some suppose, for woman to waste her time over. The world would be incomplete without them. They are the fine touches, the exquisite shades, the finishing strokes, which the Great Artist gave to his great production. The little flowers, that bloom everywhere from the torrid zone to the iceberg, may indeed seem trifles when compared with the greater works of creation. Yet they are not trifles. They have a mission sure and great to fulfill. It is the purity, the refinement, the elevation of humanity. They develop the kindly feelings of our natures, and make us wiser, better and happier men. It is good to have such voiceless monitors coming at times, like the angel at Bethesda, to move the deep waters of our souls.

Their natural grace, simplicity, and beauty of colors, afford endless themes to the moralist, as well as the poet, and volumes might be written showing how many associations of feelings, pure and unaffected, simple and sublime, they have inspired.

Look too at their sanitary influences. Science calls them "the scavengers of nature." They transform pestilential vapor into vital air, miasmatic exhalations into delightful aromas and health-giving perfumes.

What a suggestive influence they have! The blossoms with which Spring strews the earth, when Winter has left it blank and bare, are like the blessings which Competence sheds upon Penury. The delicate snow-drop, that springs up under the white coverlet of the winter snow, reminds us of the progress of time—an emblem of hope—it bids us never despond; the modest and retiring violet tells us that by humility are riches and honor; the lily, arrayed in all its glory, assures us that He, who cares for the little flower, will not forget the children of Want. Each in its own peculiar way, teaches its own peculiar lesson. The little flower that sprang up through the hard floor of Picciola's prison,—what messages of its Maker's goodness and wisdom it brought to him! O! the flowers! that are never unseemly—always attractive. Attractive, whether they fringe the borders of the eternal mountain snow, beautify the little front plot, or fill the varied parterre. Ever appropriate, whether at the bridal altar, in the sick room, or around the graves of the sainted dead. They are everywhere emblematic of purity and innocence. They are an index true to character, as the needle to its pole. No clambering vine encircles the door of the vagabond; no blooming garland twines the sabre of the assassin; no swelling bud decorates the hair of the courtesan. The mercenary man, who would turn everything into dollars and cents, food and clothing, sees in them no practical use. But it pleased Him, who planted the first garden, to place therein "every tree that is pleasant to the sight." And God meant they should constitute one of the purest of human pleasures,—one of the greatest refreshments to the spirits of man. Although they do not minister to our bodily wants, they enrich, ennoble, and enlarge our natures.

"God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,

The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours :
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.
Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore have they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;
To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him !"

APOSTROPHE TO MOUNT EOLUS.

NOT BY WALT. WHITMAN.

OH! thow great mountain yew !
What a thunderin while yew must have been standin there.
What an orful lot of rocks there is
Contained in yew,
Thou great mountain yew !
Yew'll make a pile of grave stones,
Wont yew, great mountain thow !
You must be an orful good mountain, muss'ent yew
Cos there is such a lot of good folks
Live round yewer edges,
Yew great mountain thow !
Yew must have stood there a good many years,
Yew great mountain thow !
I should think yewer leggs would get tired
Standin so long.
Dont yew git real mad sometimes,
Thow great mountain yew !
A havin that great hunk of lite
Shinin rite into yewer face ?
I should think yew would grow some,
Thow great mountain yew !
And be as big as yewer naybers. I would if I was yew,
I would'nt have a hundred men or tew,

A pickin into me all the time, if I was yew,
Thow glorious mountin yew !
And lugging off such grate lunks of marbule off.
I spose the wind and wet wether bothers yew
Orfully sometimes,
Thow great mountin yew !
They say there's bin a man onto yew
That pussonates wind fust rate,
Thou transcendental mountin yew !
He's the greatest feller to blow wind
Yew ever went anywhere.
We stuck a name onto yew,
Thow ambrageous mountin yew !
Spose yew can wag with it, cant yew ?
You'll like it frustrate
They'l call yew something now ;
They didn't call yew nothing before.
If you was stretched out into stun wall
You'd stretch clearn round our ancestral home lot,
You rocky mountin thow !
There's been an orful great hole bored into yew
Sometime or other haint they,
Thow abused mountin yew !
How it must have hurt yew and made yew bleede.
Oh ! great cave thow !
What a lot of post holes you'd make ;
What a hepe of tinn the man mite make that owns yew,
A cuttin yew upp and sellin yew for small holes.
If yew was made up into knot holes
The limbs of the trees wouldn't have tew fall off any more
This good many years, would thay,
Yew yawning cave thow !
Do yew always keep yewer mouth open so wide
Thou enormus cave yew !
If yew dew I should think you'd catch lots of flies,
And skeeters and sech like animels,
To w everlasting cave yew !

PAUL AND VIRGINIA;

A ROMANTIC TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY SIMON PURE.

CHAPTER I. PAUL.

PAUL SILSBEE was a middle-aged man, and withal, what the ladies call an "old bachelor;" though, as I said, he was not old, but middle-aged, and never took a degree except when engaged in surveying. What the ladies meant, however, by that expression, may be briefly told; they called him "old," because they felt conscious that at his age, *they* would be considered frightfully old,—and "bachelor," because he adhered to the delights of celibacy. He was perhaps forty when the incidents of this romance occurred, and though he was eligible as a husband, yet, partly from his bashfulness and partly from his philosophy he decided for himself, that it is good for man to be alone. His property, a dwelling and a well cultivated farm had fallen to him from his father, but from his hand it seemed destined to be divided among the members of the Probate Court as remuneration for finding him an heir.

On the whole, Paul was a good-hearted man, but he possessed one failing, one peculiarity which is seldom found among men,—an intense desire to have his own way, especially if he thought that way the best, and he usually did. Not only at town meetings would he have his own way of voting, but he would run by the side of a cow all over a ten-acre lot, rather than have her get ahead of him. Another slight failing he had, which if mentioned, will give a better insight into his character. He wouldn't eat pie with a fork, but grasping it in his hand, would lay it on the surface of his extended tongue, and draw it in, chameleon-like, till all had disappeared. To be sure, this would do at home, but when at a neighbor's tea-table, he undertook to imitate the rest and eat his pie with a fork, after inserting the implement in a morsel of the pie and looking up to see if any one noticed his gentility, his eat-

ing utensil often came to his mouth minus the pie. But all this was doubtless owing to the want of a wife in his family, for it is an axiom, that a wife is a good thing in a family.

CHAPTER II. VIRGINIA.

Of course, no decent man would pretend to live without some female hand at his beck, to do his cooking and mending. Neither did Paul. Ever since his first establishment as a farmer, he had employed some one as a housekeeper, now this one, now that, never well satisfied till he employed Miss Virginia Pettingale, a middle-aged lady, somewhat older than himself, and smart as a steel-trap. The phrase, "ancient maiden lady," is played out, or I would use it as explanatory of Miss Virginia's condition in life. The silver had began to mix profusely with her thin sandy hair, and the wrinkles were fast corrugating her once fair brow. The crows-feet were visible at the outer corners of her eyes, and (pardon me,) the hair was largely developed on the lip and chin. This will suffice for her external description, but to enumerate her mental qualities would employ all the science of a Hickok. She was a perfect almanac and a perfect newspaper; nothing escaped her vigilant eye, from the turkey that stole a nest in the swamp, to the boy that stole a kiss from some blushing young maiden. If a stranger came to town, she knew him and his genealogy; or if, perchance, she happened to be unacquainted with his case, she set him down for a burglar or a lottery ticket vender.

Strange to tell, Virginia, as well as Paul, was fond of asserting her "say," and it would be a sad labor for the historian, to record the many petty altercations that arose between them. Little did it trouble Paul, however, and little did it trouble Virginia, what the other said and thought, if only she would stick to the house, and he to his work.

And so they lived, year in and year out,—he, husbanding well his resources, and she, knitting bags of stockings, and braiding hosts of rugs. To all human observation they might have lived on in the same endless routine, had not a mysterious incident broken in upon their repose,—whether fortunately or not, the

sequel will reveal. Remember what Solomon (?) says—"Patient waiters are no losers."

CHAPTER III. SUSPICION.

It was during the time when the Know Nothings had the affairs of the country under their protection, that Paul was absent from his fireside, contrary to his custom, on sundry evenings, and seldom returned till late in the night. It was his habit, to light his pipe at dusk, and sit down by the fire, and snuff the candle, or on summer evenings, to sit in the doorway, till the nine o'clock bell rung, when Virginia invariably declared it was time for decent folks to be abed; and it was no matter of trivial surprise and wonder, that she saw him regularly put on his Sunday clothes and leave the house at dusk, and go she knew not whither. She even felt tempted to follow him sometimes, to learn his place of resort; but her care for the safety of the house overcame her desire. Of course she made all sorts of speculations about the matter; she even complained to herself, at being left alone, though she had told Paul a thousand times, she wished he would keep out of the house.

On the whole, no hypothesis satisfied her mind so well, as that he went courting, and she even conjectured the place and person that were the recipients of his visits. But no questioning nor cross-questioning of neighbors or friends could elicit the slightest reliable information, as to his whereabouts when absent. After bearing it a few evenings, she ventured to ask him where he had been. He evaded the answer in various ways, as she changed the question from direct to indirect. At length she grew impatient enough to complain at being kept up so late,—it used the candles and made her feel like a fool all the next day. Another evening, she declared that if he was going to wear two clean shirts every week, and collars and stockings to match, she wouldn't do any more of his house-keeping. Finally she made bold to accuse him of courting, and though he flatly denied it, yet she expressed her determination to give up the house at once, to the new wife, rather than be left alone and unprotected, while he was off making advances and talking silly to some impertinent Miss.

CHAPTER IV. SPECULATIONS.

The idea of courtship at forty, was a new one to Paul Silsbee, and it is not strange that the repeated accusations of Virginia, should force it upon his consideration. He had thought no change could take place in his affairs, but reckoned himself settled for life, a lone sojourner in the wilderness of this world. But if Virginia could accuse him of courting, certainly there must be some grounds for supposing it was not yet too late. He thought himself over, examined his affections, and even looked more than once in the glass, to see if he were as young in person, as he felt inclined to be, in mind. Feelings were excited in his breast, which never found a lodgment there before,—feelings, excited by the mere abjurgations of Virginia Pettingale, who would scorn to have urged anybody to such emotions; nothing could have been farther from her mind than to set Paul Silsbee a courting. But there it was. He had the conception in his mind, and nothing could root it out. It made him absent minded on the milking-stool, at his meals, and by his fireside; and if one could read his silent reasonings, he would find him arriving at an ultimate, by some such method as this;—"My age can be no objection to a change in my affairs, for others have 'gone and done it,' who were older than I; my looks are good enough, for if a girl like a fellow, she don't care for his looks, and if she don't like him, why, looks are of no use; now wouldn't a wife be a handy thing in my house? Here, I have paid Virginia Pettingale at the rate of a dollar and half a week, for a good many years, and might for a good many years to come; now, wouldn't it be economy for me to keep all that in the family, by getting a wife for a housekeeper? Certainly, but"—and that "but" contained the only difficulty in the way of the consummation of his hopes. Who should be the one to march with him, to the music of fluttering hearts, up to the Hymeneal altar? That was the question.

For some time this was a poser to Paul, and well nigh destroyed his hopes, till Virginia unwittingly suggested *the one*, as before, she had suggested the idea of courtship.

One night, when Paul returned later than usual from the K. N. meeting, Virginia was over-cross, and showered her rage upon his innocent head with an unwonted violence. "If you wan't," said she, "to go off courting Amanda Bigelow every night till this hour and leave me here alone, I hope the old Harry'll pay you for't; I'm not to be abused and treated in this manner, and if it happens again, I will leave the house, bag and baggage." She selected Amanda Bigelow for no particular reason, except as a test for Paul, to see if she could draw him out. Paul, however, said nought, but kept up a "tremendous thinking."

CHAPTER V. THE DEED.

Amanda Bigelow was a fair maid of thirty summers, with no fault except that when she was younger, she was so coquettish as to lose all her lovers, till at length it seemed as if her harvest was over. She was not old, by any means, nor would she be called young, but was on the sunny side of "middle aged," as Virginia Pettingale was on the shady side. She was smart and accomplished,—at least, in household affairs; and as her former coquetry had died out from want of practice, she was left an interesting, amiable lady.

To her, Paul's thoughts were turned by Virginia's timely and unintentional suggestion. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," thought he, and inwardly thanked his housekeeper for her unmeant kindness.

Had a nymph, of the most fascinating beauty, presented herself to Paul's awakened vision, she could not have detracted the least from his ideal of Amanda Bigelow. To his imagination, she soon became the most lovely of beings, and it was a wonder to him, why she had not before, found successful admirers.*

* It is a sad instance of depravity, that so many young ladies, beautiful and accomplished, of whom not a few are met with every day, on the streets of Amherst, arrive at the age of twenty-five or thirty, without finding admirers who fully appreciate their merits; whether this is the fault of the should-be-admirers or of the young ladies themselves, who hide their virtues under a cloak of coquetry or the manifestations of a foolish, would-be aristocracy, we leave to be decided by those who know.—PRINTERS' DEVIL.

At length, after due consideration, he determined to "cut" the K. N. meeting and make a friendly call upon Miss Amanda. The report had already gone out into the community from the lips of Virginia, that he had commenced his suit, and he saw no reason if the story was to go, why it shouldn't be a true one.

The writer of this tale forbears to pry into the parlor history of Paul's courtship. Inexperienced himself, he feels a delicacy in endeavoring to describe what is so near the heart of the majority of the sons and daughters of Adam. Suffice it to say, however, that Paul found his fondest hopes realized, and it only remained for an appropriate time to be set, when they twain should become one flesh.

CHAPTER VI. THE CONSUMMATION.

It seemed a matter of prudence to Paul, not to take the community too much by surprise, with his marriage. He wished to wait till people had fully digested the matter and said all they had to say upon the subject; but an incident occurred which rendered it necessary to take unto himself a wife. Since Paul awoke to a sense of his duty and condition, Virginia, as I have before intimated, observed less *complaisance* towards him than usual, and he felt indisposed to do scarcely otherwise by her. He felt a degree of independence, of freedom from her rule, which he had never felt before.

One Monday morning, when it was just rainy enough to make the "women-folks" cross, Paul happened into the kitchen where Virginia was at work. She with a long-drawn breath and a preliminary, "Oh dear," began in a little faster enunciation and a little higher tone than usual; "If you're going to wear two shirts and two collars every week, and I am to do 'em up, you've got to get me some hard soap,—I've worn out my hands long enough with this miserable soft soap."

"Good enough for all you want, and I'll risk your hands," replied Paul.

"I tell you I won't use soft soap, if the shirts never get done up."

"And you won't have hard, not in my house, as long as there is plenty of soft."

“Wal, if I can’t have hard soap, like decent folks, I’ll go where I can, there.”

“Go, then, as quick as you please, and bring in your bill, as quick as you can,—I’ll have my own way in my house.”

“Wal, if any body tells me to go, why, I go, that’s all,” and Paul and Virginia had broken the long friendship that existed between them. Virginia departed in righteous indignation and kicked off the dust of her feet as a testimony against her cruel employer. Paul was glad his housekeeper was disposed of so easily, and observed something almost providential in it. What a glorious excuse for his immediate marriage! And that excuse he did not allow to go unemployed.

In less than a week, she that was Amanda Bigelow, assumed the name of Mrs. Silsbee, and was allowed to wash the shirts with just such soap as she pleased.

In less than a twelvemonth, the Probate Court lost all hope of being permitted to find an heir for the Silsbee estate; Paul Silsbee, Jr., is the consummation of this story,—this tale of the middle ages.

THE END.

COLLEGIANA.

THE exercises of Commencement week possessed more than usual interest. The names of the Orators for the week, suggested much pleasure and instruction, but the anticipations of all were fully realized. The weather, however, was unusually hot, so that some little inconvenience was felt by those who listened to “wise words from wise men.” The exercises opened on Sunday, with the Baccalaurate Sermon by the President. On Monday evening, the Prize Declamations attracted the attention of all interested in youthful eloquence. The following gentlemen were the fortunate contestants:—

CLASS OF 1862.

Alva A. Knight,	First Prize.
J. Oramel Peck,	Second “

CLASS OF 1863.

S. Gurney Lapham,	First Prize.
W. Gillon Thompson,	Second "

ORATORS OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., N. Y. City,	before Alpha Delta Phi.
F. D. Huntington, D. D., Boston,	" Society of Inquiry.
Prof. F. A. March, Easton, Penn.,	" The Alumni.
Hon. Horace Maynard, Knoxville, Tenn.,	" Social Union.

All these gentlemen had completed their work before Wednesday evening, and then came the Concert by Gilmore's Band, which proved to us that we might have the best of music without the annual Dodworth dispensation. The exercises of the graduating class were of a character highly creditable. The last number of the *Ichnolite* contained a list of the "Appointees," but the programme may be of interest.

SALUTATORY IN GREEK.—Horace Binney, Philadelphia.

ORATIONS.—Regularity of the Divine Laws, — Wm. Brown, Concord. God's Purpose, Man's Hope, — C. E. Dickinson, Heath. The Price, and the Reward, — H. R. Williams, Terryville, Conn. Reserve, — George O. Little, Madison, Ind. Influence of Faith on Intellect, — Selah Frisbee, Delhi, N. Y. "Muscular Christianity," — E. A. Knowlton, Salisbury Point, Mass. Ancient Learning, an Impulse to Modern Civilization, — Henry Smith, Hadley. Repose as an element in Character, — Geo. Curtis, Union, Conn. The Tragedies of Racine, — H. B. Putnam, Danvers Center, Mass. Voltaire, — L. S. Griggs, Bristol, Conn.

LATIN ORATION.—De Romana in Reipublicae temporibus Oratoria Arte, — B. W. Pettibone, Winchester Center, Conn.

ORATION.—The Culture of Republican Institutions, — F. A. Walker, North Brookfield, Mass.

POEM.—Garibaldi, — J. Wilson Ward, Jr., Madison, Wis.

SCIENTIFIC ORATION. — The Theology of Geometry, — W. C. Esty, Amherst.

ORATIONS.—The Idea of History, — M. M. Tracy, Triangle, N. Y. The American Pulpit, — Horace Parker, Milford. The Political Writings of Milton, — Horace Cannon, Wareham.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION.—The Bequest of Society to Man, — Nathaniel Mighill, Rowley, Mass.

ORATION.—Education an End, not a Means; with the Valedictory Addresses, — Francis E. Tower, Petersham.

At a meeting of the Alumni, Hon. Horace Maynard was chosen President, for the coming year. The Vice Presidents retain their office for another year. Three deaths have occurred among the Alumni since their last meeting:— From the Class of 1834, Prof. Alonzo Gray; from the Class of 1846, Rev. Levi Alpheus Friel; and from the Class of 1850, Henry Shipley.

DEGREES.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon the graduating Class, 47 in number, and that of A. M., upon E. E. Farman, Chester Bridgman, Jacob T. Briggs, L. R. Eastman, J. L. Fordham, S. W. Hathaway, Geo. T. Higley, Richard Mather, and Francis Burt.

The Honorary Degrees conferred were as follows:—

LL. D.—Nathaniel P. Banks of Waltham, Prof. E. S. Snell of Amherst College, Increase A. Lapham of Milwaukee.

D. D.—Rev Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, Prof. Aaron Warner, formerly of Amherst College, Rev. Augustus C. Thompson of Roxbury.

The following Appointments have been made by the Trustees:—

John W. Hooker, M. D., Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education.

Lyman S. Rowland, A. B., Tutor in Mathematics.

Through the munificence of “Joel Hayden, Esq. of Haydenville,” and the energy of Prof. Clark, the flower garden has been ornamented by a statue of “Sabrina.” This adds much to the appearance of the College grounds. As students, and people of taste, we cannot be too thankful to the above named gentlemen. The statue is of life size and mounted upon a base of freestone.

The Gymnasium—the “fixed fact” of October, 1859, has become *the* “institution” of 1860. We can see already its good results, and the regular attendance upon the duties connected with this new branch of our education, is “proof positive” that the tasks, though sometimes arduous, are never unpleasant.

The regular Fall Elections, which had been postponed one week on account of the absence of the Senior Class, took place on Wednesday evening, Oct. 17th, with the following result:—

ALEXANDRIA.

William M. Pomeroy,	President.
M. Porter Snell,	Vice President.
Charles T. Haynes,	Secretary.
Elijah Harmon,	} Senior Critics.
Charles G. G. Paine,	
William B. Graves,	} Junior Critics.
George G. Phipps,	
Frederic Browning,	} Orators for Exhibition of Social Union.
B. F. Hamilton,	
Charles G. G. Paine,	
M. Porter Snell,	
E. Porter Dyer,	Colloquian.
	Term Orator.

ATHENAE.

George F. Merriam,
Nathan Thompson,
Samuel C. Vance,
{ John H. Evans,
{ Aaron Warner, Jr.
{ Charles H. Sweetser,
{ Truman Tomson,
{ John H. Evans,
{ James Lewis,
{ George F. Merriam,
{ Nathan Thompson,
Charles H. Sweetser,
Charles D. Adams.

SOCIETY OF RELIGIOUS ENQUIRY.

M. Porter Snell,	.	.	President.
Elijah Harmon,	.	.	Vice President.
Samuel A. Stoddard,	.	.	Recording Secretary.

On Wednesday, October 10th, the Senior Class, accompanied by Dr. Hitchcock and his son, started on a journey to Vermont, for the purpose of a Geological Survey. The first night was spent at Ludlow, where the Class gave a Vocal and Instrumental Concert. A second Concert was given at Rutland. From Rutland the Class proceeded to Dorset, where the Mountain was named by common consent, Mount Eolus. The party returned to Amherst on Saturday evening, (Oct. 13th,) somewhat tired, but entirely pleased with the excursion.

On the Monday evening following, a third Concert was given at the Baptist Church in Amherst, and thus in song closed the vacation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—A "Revised and Enlarged" Edition of "Hitchcock's Elementary Geology," has just been issued. Also a new Edition of Olmsted's Philosophy, revised by Prof. Snell. These new Editions show such marked superiority to the old ones that they have been adopted as text books in many Colleges.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE inventory of Editorial property, which we, as lawful heirs, received from the Class of '60, must have been faulty, for we have as yet seen no "*Easy Chair*." So also the "Sanctum," "Editorial Robes," and other matters of a similar nature, are known only by hearsay, therefore, "we may not assume what they are from any presumption of what they should be, or take them upon trust because others have said what, and how they are."*

Our readers, then, must excuse us if we do not entertain them with much cant about these things, or pretend to address them from fictitious stand-points, or trouble them with our woes, but still we have something to say, in just such plain words as may occur to us, about matters of interest to us all—matters of College life and thought.—The beginning of this College year, (the last for some of us) witnesses the dawning of a new, and better physical condition among us. This certainly is not a matter of small importance, as the graves of many a College fellow will testify, and should therefore be considered seriously. Whether the scheme which our "Alma Mater" has advanced shall be successful or unsuccessful, is a matter for us to decide. Strong muscles, willing hands, or a clear mind upon the part of our new Professor, though they may do much, will not accomplish everything. We must work *with*, and not *against* him—must go through the exercises as best we may,—not grudgingly, but manfully. If we mistake not, our Gymnasium is something of which we may be proud, but fine rooms, fine apparatus, or fine drill, will not be everything that should be done. "To be, (healthy men) or not to be"—that is the question for us to decide. We remember the feelings of joy with which the project of a gymnasium was hailed,—joy too, well founded in our need of something to arouse us from a physical lethargy no less fatal than unmanly. This month is our fatal month then, as it is the opening of our new work—a work not below our dignity as educated young men. Harvard and Yale, it is true, had their places of exercise before us, but the glory of establishing a Professorship of "physical culture" upon truly scientific principles, belongs to Amherst. The pseudography of those opposed to all physical training has gradually fallen into disrepute, and "Muscular Christianity" is no longer a byword. A thousand essays have been written upon the physical wants of our country, and a thousand objections brought forward against all attempts to change the face of matters, but are they not objections to the *abuse*, rather than the *use* of suitable means for preserving health? For months this has been the theme of all our talks, and the advent of our Teacher was not the least of the attractions of Commencement week. We cannot value too highly our privileges in this respect, and if we play our part as well as the originators and directors of this scheme of improvements have played theirs, we may hope for great things. The question is asked every day—"what can our Teacher do?" Can he play with heavy dumb-bells, or walk on his hands, or teach sparring? What

* See Hickok's "Science of the Mind," page 15.

matters that if he teach us to take care of our health—teach not only in theory, but in practice. Are we to be bullies, or members of the P. R., or are we to be gentlemen with physical stamina enough to follow, and follow faithfully our profession? Just here is the heart of the whole matter, and the energy with which all classes take to the new work is “proof positive” that they appreciated the necessity of it.

It is worth while to notice how much the excitements of our life here move us. We feed on them. The newness of the “clubs,” and dumb-bells, had hardly gone, when it was announced to us that we might ascertain our position in the class by calling here, or there. The anxious faces on all sides show how much interest is felt in the *denouement*—an interest grounded in right or wrong principles, as the case may be. The successful ones smile and congratulate themselves, while others are either indifferent, or troubled. This question of the “marking system” is often agitated among us, but as yet with no very good results. There is much more to be said than has been spoken. Should those who are successful pride themselves upon their success? Yes; *in so far as that success was the reward of duty well performed, and no farther*, and those who are shut out from the honors of the stage may blame themselves in a great measure. The “pride of place,” if that place has been won by honorable toil, is a worthy pride, of which no true scholar need feel ashamed. What is the truth in this matter? Simply this: that some have worked while others slept; have learned thoroughly what others learned but superficially; have been willing to sacrifice present comfort for a greater future good. We may sneer at the “Digs,” as we call them, as much as we will, but for all our contempt they are better than we, in so far as they have worked better. The fact that our neighbor knows that “*dacus, meracus, opacus, &c.*,” have long penults, may not, in itself, argue anything, but the principle of thoroughness which underlies his knowledge, and all accurate knowledge whatsoever, argues much. Says Mr. Kingsley, in speaking of the vagueness and shallowness of much of the literature of the day,—“*it is better to know one thing, than to know about ten thousand things* ;” and in these words may be found the secret of his own, and all profound English scholarship. We have tasks given us, and for what? That we should shirk them, or perform them? Certainly the latter, and those who perform them well are commendable for that, if for nothing more. But there is another side to this question—a far more unpleasant one too. If men work for their society, for praise, or for position alone, making these things the end, rather than the means of their advancement, then stage honors become but dishonors. All this petty wrangling about the claims of their “*cliques*” is nothing but the fruit of meanness. For every hour unemployed, or occupied in a manner unworthy the name of a scholar; for every spiteful jest the successful ones may hurl at the heads of those behind, (though not necessarily below) them; for all sayings prompted by envy, there should be shame, and honors obtained by any trickery whatever,—by making pledges in public, and breaking them in private; by the assistance of neighbors more knowing; by leaving the recitation room just at the moment in which work is expected; by cringing

to Professors, or by a mock humility after the manner of "Uriah Heep"—honors, we say, obtained by any, or all these means, are not matters for self-gratification. But, on the other hand, such rewards as come to men as the legitimate fruit of careful, and long continued mutual labor—rewards won by study and thought, should be cherished. To any man then who will sneer at others for their high rank, when that rank is truly deserved, we would put a single question:—"What do you come to College for,—to study, or to play?" And to those who glory in their position merely because it raises them above their neighbors, tickles their pride, or makes them more wonderful in their own eyes, we would ask,—“Is the object of the College course an ‘*appointment*,’ or an *education*, or at least the foundation of one?”

We noticed some remarks in the Editorial of the September number of the "Harvard Magazine," concerning Dr. Huntington, which seemed to us not strictly true. To assail that man's character is no new work, but to judge him righteously is more difficult than to talk about him—to question his motives, or to doubt his sincerity. It may be that he erred in the course he adopted with the Students at Harvard, but to say that such errors were more than errors—that they were the natural results of insincerity, seems to us to be going too far. The whole life of the man has been a life of earnestness—a life of hard working for God and His cause. "Manly, natural religion" may not consist in "joining a church, or keeping Sunday idle; in attending meeting, or in being wet with water;" "in offering prayers, or in taking bread and wine;" but these are a part of it after all—the natural "outcome" of it. Religion may be more of the closet than of the synagogue, but the same Bible which enjoins secret prayer upon us, also says—"Let your light so shine *before men* that they shall see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven," and the result of secret prayer is open avowal. As the thought is, so will the public life be, and cryings to God, though made in the darkness of the night, will affect the actions of the coming day. We cannot escape from this law that the heart moulds the acts, and to the earnest Christian everywhere, these outward expressions of faith and love—these baptisms, communions, Sunday ordinances and Churches, are objects of the deepest regard. The secret recognition of God is but the parent of the open avowal of Him. Dr. Huntington is so well known here as a man of earnest piety, that any attempt to defend him from the charge of "playing tricks with conscience" would be useless. The whole population of Hadley would "say you nay" to that charge. Men to whom he has been known personally for many years, ever since his boyhood, tell us that he has always been the same sincere person, working for what he thought to be right and with his whole heart. We cannot stop to say more on this point, but let every one of us look deeper than the mere outward seeming for the secret of a man's worthiness, or unworthiness. It may be a good lesson for us who are apt to judge hastily of the hypocrisy of our neighbors—to sneer and call that "sham," of which we may know but little.

The "setting up" of a Statue, not for us to worship but to admire, is, next to the Gymnasium, the great event of the year. The beauty and grace, as embodied in bronze, cannot fail of attracting the attention of the Students, no

less than those who come from abroad. The attention bestowed upon "Sabrina," the kindly supply of wood and clothing to protect her from the cold, and the admiring glances she each day receives, prove how deep is the reverence we all feel for the true woman everywhere. Perhaps there is no more striking characteristic of the refined and educated American, than this devotion to woman. Certainly there is nothing which can utter a louder voice of praise in his favor, and it is most creditable to us all, that in a College so mischief-loving as this, there has been no evidence of "Vandalism," except it may be a few harmless freaks for amusement. This letting alone of the Statue argues much for the culture we may have gained, and proves that our College course has not been altogether a failure. The would-be-wise ones may sneer if they will, and call this but the bowing down to a "brazen image," or "woman worship," or by any name whatsoever, but it is something more than that—the crown of a young man's glory, or of any man whatsoever—something we learned not from books, or in beautiful theories, but from the love, and purity, and delicacy of Mothers and Sisters; from home-prayers, and home-teachings, and from the example of all good and true men. We must stop just here, for we have filled up nearly all the space left us.

But before we say "Good Bye" to our readers, we would exhort them to work for the Magazine. It should not be the care of one class alone, but of all classes. It is a College Magazine, and if well filled, something of which the College should be proud. It is not enough, then, that you subscribe for it, but you should write for it. Amherst, heretofore, has had no cause for shame in this matter of the scholarly sustainment of the Magazine, for the Ichnolite compares favorably with the issues of other and similar institutions. Let, then, each one of us strive to do something, feeling all the while that we are working for "Alma Mater," by so doing. With a good night to all, we must close.

EXCHANGES.—"Harvard Magazine," "Beloit College Monthly," "Wabash Monthly," "Kenyon Collegiana," and the "Kentucky Military Institute Magazine" for September—also, the "Harvard" for October, and the "Oberlin Magazine."

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
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
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Contents.

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Benjamin Disraeli.	William Ewart Gladstone.	Nathaniel Hawthorne.
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
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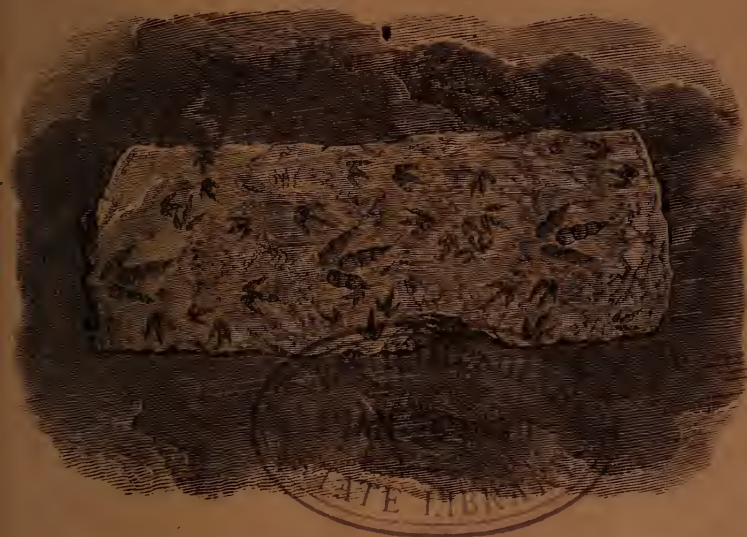
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THE ICHNOLITE.

Amherst Collegiate Magazine.



"And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Scribimus indoeti. doctique.—Hor.

JANUARY, 1861.

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THE ICHNOLITE.


A Literary Magazine,


CONDUCTED BY THE STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

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THE ICHNOLITE.

Vol. VIII. JANUARY, 1861. No. 2.

Editors for '61.

JOHN DOLE,
WM. M. POMEROY,
GEORGE F. MERRIAM.

ELIJAH HARMON,
JAMES LEWIS,

ESSENTIAL QUALITIES OF A GREAT STATESMAN.*

BY N. MIGHILL.

To the highest type of greatness in the walks of public life, all the noblest qualities of man, moral, as well as mental, are essential. But to greatness, as History names it and as the world esteems it, there may be comparatively few qualities inseparably joined; and these, like the prominent stars in the constellations, may be so brilliant as to challenge the admiration and reverence of all for the man in whom they are found.

Thus, typically, the great Statesman rises before us endowed with all the qualities which are the gifts of Nature, Culture or Grace to a noble manhood; but the great Statesman, as we now speak of him, as his own acts declare him and as mankind may well esteem him, is found, in every age and among every people, the possessor of certain qualifications which the State demands for its making and management. It is to these qualifications that we are now to look in order that we may find and prove a classification and comprehension of them. They are marshalled, of course, under the two high names which embrace all the qualities which

* By the courtesy of the Committee who requested a copy of this essay I have been allowed to transgress its original limits: I have done so by expanding many of the sentences, leaving untouched the outline and course of thought first followed.

are the peculiar prerogative of all greatness of the rational man, viz: Wisdom and Virtue. In the former of these two ranks we find and next consider these three—Knowledge of Public affairs—Understanding of, and Reason's insight into them.

No man can become great in any walk in life without a thorough knowledge of all that nearly pertains to it. The Farmer and Mechanic, the Man of Letters and the Lawyer, do not attain eminence and success in their respective callings and professions by chance or a fortunate combination of circumstances; it is only by that experimental knowledge, which hardens the muscle, while it enlightens the mind; and by that higher knowledge derived from observation, reading and reasoning. This is eminently true of the Statesman. An accurate knowledge of facts relating to the government and the governed—the forms and forces of the one, and the interests and labors of the other,—a knowledge of the territory of the State, its resources and products,—observation of the thousand trifling influences which silently and swiftly work great changes in states,—an eye ever open to the ebb and flow of daily life, are what is needed by him who would act intelligently in governmental affairs. Much less can the Statesman attain a grasp of principles without a knowledge, not only of the Present, but also of the Past. It is true of some professions that merely theoretical knowledge raises to a kind of greatness; but in Statesmanship you cannot with any safety separate from theory the items which make up the daily history of the State. In the mastery of these are laid the very foundations of the Statesman's fame.

Hand in hand with this knowledge must go the common sense understanding. It gives the substratum of law and cause to the shifting sands of observation and experience—tells how and why they drift—what power moves and stays them. By its connecting power it makes events consistent which were else, antagonistic, and movements harmonious which were else, discordant. It searches into all things with which its possessor comes in contact. It is logical, and draws out for itself a train of consequences and inferences which are inestimable and indispensable. It is the statesman's business talent and tact; it gives him dispatch and saves from gross errors. Though it does not prompt to action nor yet guide to it, it stands by action and gives its verdict upon

it. It seizes upon the items given in Knowledge of public affairs, and stamps each with its appropriate mark—gives each its place, and fits each to each in harmony and strength. Many a man in public life acquires an extensive knowledge of the details of public business, and becomes learned in the letter of the law, but, like a man in a tread-mill, goes on mechanically in an unvarying round of duties; and has not the mental sight to see clearly the fine cords of connection which determine their places and importance and bind them in one harmonious whole to the principles which first produced them.

Thirdly, as an essential quality of a great Statesman we have written that insight into public affairs which reason alone can give. Through its aid the Statesman does not attain a knowledge of facts, nor an understanding of them; but something far different in kind, and without which he is utterly incompetent for the life he leads. Reason alone can enable him to look back of what is given in governmental annals or is experienced in the daily life of nations. It attains great principles. When great measures are to be adopted, or great practical movements set in operation, it is the far-seeing eye of Reason that must estimate the former and guide the latter. It determines not only their justice and propriety, but their expediency. It ever sees behind the minutiae of legislative, judicial and executive action, those eternal claims of Truth, Justice and Humanity which so ennoble every letter of legal codes, every item of judicial decision, and every step of executive action. It enables the Statesman to judge what Man as Man demands—to consider how the restraints of government are to be so bounded as not to trespass upon individual freedom and development, and to suggest and successfully arrange broad measures for improvement and prosperity. Finally Reason comprehends the high and firm relations in which Man stands to government; and thus makes clear as light the obligations which bind him to obey its behests, and bind those who determine those behests to deliberation, caution and sure counsel. Thus it is the agent which brings to the life and action of the Statesman that Faith which keeps away discouragement and nerves to effort—that Faith whose eye is lighted by a consciousness of Man's nobility and the consequent nobility of government, whose arm is strong, whose heart is devoted, as it seeks the great blessing of an adequate government for a people.

It will at once be seen that by the three qualities already named we have covered the ground of the intellect in all its workings and given room for the inference that none but men of powerful intellects can be great Statesmen. The inference contains the truth. There is nothing which can take the place of Knowledge of Public Affairs, neither assumption, nor pretence, nor superficial show—nothing which can take the place of an understanding of them, neither knowledge, nor clear statement, nor neglect—nothing which can take the place of the Insight of Reason, neither confidence in other mens' resources, opinions, theories, nor blind credulity nor heedless rashness.

We need not dwell upon examples to support these *a priori* statements: the great statesmen of this and other ages may all be adduced as such. In Burke, Fox and Pitt—in Robespierre, Danton and Mirabeau—in Clay, Calhoun and Webster, we see alike the knowledge and understanding of details, and the ability to penetrate into the reasons of men, movements and measures.

We come now to the qualities which are ranked under the head of Virtue: these may be named as Patriotism, Integrity and Decision.

The necessity of patriotism we need not vindicate. Its stimulus is needed to keep the eye single to the true interests of the state—to raise and sustain the noble ambition to sacrifice time and toil to subserve those interests—to prompt effort for gaining the sympathy and co-operation of the State, or rather to bring in that sympathy and co-operation in full tide. A man may have intellectual greatness, yet through lack of Patriotism may be unsuccessful in public life. He lacks the very element which is the professed guide of the public man—the very power which is expected to move him—the very influence which is to inspire confidence and trust. His native land must be more precious than the common soil; its interests must be more sacred than his own; its altar fire must be as worthy of being labored for and loved as that which burns on his own family hearth. States exist as independent sovereignties, and it is their duty and privilege so to exercise their own prerogatives, and so to develop their own resources that they may rise in emulation with each other, and exult in a glory of their own. There is nothing like Patriotism to make the Statesman feel that it is his privilege to foster this noble

national pride, and to be jealous of this national renown. There is nothing like it to aid him in every department and detail of his great work. Patriotism casts away with loathing that ambition which usurps, that imposture which deceives and that baseness which betrays, thus saving from contamination. If instead of shrewd hypocrisy and the semblance of this lofty virtue, Patriotism in its purity had been oftener found as the main-spring of action in the annals of Statesmanship, the list of those who have failed of greatness would be far shorter than it now is.

But above Patriotism comes Integrity—as an essential quality of a great Statesman. By integrity in Statesmanship is meant that quality of character which binds its possessor to a regard for honor in every transaction, and allows him neither to listen to, nor engage in, nor connive at anything dishonorable. It never takes a bribe—it is never guided merely by impulse and feeling—it never shows partiality when principle forbids—it never shuns labor, mental or physical, when the state requires it, and it will never allow the interests of the state to be interfered with from covetousness or ambition. This, and this only will enable the Statesman to steer in a direct course, clear of rocks and quicksands—carry out his measures and earn the confidence of the State. But have there not been great Statesman who have lacked this great element of Statesmanship? Unquestionably there have been corrupt men who have stood at the helm, and managed the ship of State with strength and skill; but they have so assumed the cloak of integrity that they passed for upright men till the light of advancing time has revealed their true characters. For examples of the crowning glory of this quality we need only mention the name of Wilberforce bright in English annals, of Lafayette the French lover of liberty, and of our own Washington.

The last essential quality of a great Statesman which we mark, is Decision. Without it the strength of all the others becomes weakness. There is not a man standing out as prominently powerful in the scenes of History in whose character there is not Decision. As heat tempers the metal, so Decision tempers the character giving it tone and effect. In the case of the Statesman it comes in to grasp and apply his knowledge—to stay up the understanding with its strong arm—and to make available the bold assertions of the far-seeing reason. It is needed to make

Patriotism practical and powerful. It is needed to make integrity tell upon the character of national councils and the condition of national affairs.

Thus we have endeavored under common terms briefly to express the essential qualities of a great Statesman. We find that they may be named thus—Knowledge and Understanding of Public affairs, and Reason's insight into them; and the virtues of Patriotism, Integrity and Decision. The first three constitute his mental equipment by means of which his plans and actions come forth, as Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, full armed and ready for the tests of opposition and trial; while the last three incite to a noble career, inspire the confidence of others, and aid him in achievement; and all united form a laurel wreath in comparison with which the throne is a mere name, the scepter an empty symbol, the equipage of courts a senseless pageant, and the jewelled crown itself a worthless bauble.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

THE success of Cromwell in his military campaigns was not owing so much to his abundance of forces as to his manner of disposing of them. He possessed the power of so arranging his men that every blow told in the most effectual manner. He was imitated in these respects years afterwards by Napoleon First. If he found a man preëminent in any one department, there he was placed. In this he displayed profound wisdom and skill. Murat and McDonald were eminently qualified for their respective positions, but either would have been a pigmy in place of the other. So in all of Napoleon's officers we find some distinguishing characteristic which fitted them exactly for the positions which they occupied. Herein was the wonderful power of his army. Thus arranged it displayed a wonderful symmetry, and each department was carried to the highest degree of perfection. Would that the world might imitate, in this respect, the wisdom of these men. A great amount of power might then be made available which is now utterly lost.

Now we find a great variety of vocations to be filled, all of which are necessary to the happiness and prosperity of the whole. Every individual has by nature some peculiarities which give him greater adaptedness for one position than another. Since the various vocations require a great diversity of talent, and are suited to every peculiarity of taste, we can come to no other conclusion than that those individuals having qualifications and tastes for certain professions should there have their places assigned. There are their proper spheres of action. There can one accomplish the greatest amount of labor; thus only can he fulfill the great end of his being and make his life truly long. For we believe

“That life is long that answers life’s great end.”

But little does this seem to be thought of by the great mass of people. Surely, too many Murats and McDonalds change places. What an immense amount of power must thus be lost! While they might have achieved wonders in their own proper sphere, yet what that sphere is they have never learned. The very outset of their career was signalized by a mistake which they have never been able to correct, and they find that they have been threading mazy labyrinths, and every step has been in the wrong direction.

• Now it seems to us we do not study ourselves as much as we ought, and do not become sufficiently acquainted with our own peculiarities and capacities. Very few really think much about this. But this is not the case with all. There are some who appreciate the importance of it. There are those who do not exercise their own volition, or at least but partly, in the matter; but this responsibility is assumed by parents or other relatives without any particular regard to the tastes and endowments of the child, but are governed by their own false notions of honor or position. For a long time this has seemed to us ridiculous. We can think now of nothing more absurd and unnatural, unless it be a custom somewhat analogous, practiced by some of the unchristianized nations of antiquity, (some remains of which are still seen among us,) of compelling their sons and daughters to *love* and wed *when* and *whom* they pleased.

As an example of the folly, to say the least, of such a course we give the following: In one of our principal cities there reside

two men; one was educated for a lawyer; the other for a civil engineer. The civil engineer turned lawyer and the lawyer turned civil engineer, and both attained to eminence in their professions. Thus there was an attempt to make of these men what Nature never intended they should be. Fortunate above most men they discovered the mistake in season to apply the remedy.

There is another class, well meaning and apparently very conscientious, whose great aim seems to be to do the greatest possible amount of good in the world. And this they think depends mainly upon the profession they enter. They say to themselves, "Lo! a world lying in wickedness." "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few." With their false ethics they see no true servants of their master but in the persons of those distinguished by the "white cravat," and "black coat." They are not spiritualists, yet they say they believe they have "a call" to enter the ministry. Now let us ask you in what way you received this call. Are you fitted for that position otherwise than by a renewed heart, and do you call that enough? Many seem to do so. But are you sure you have any good grounds for believing you can ever go into a pulpit and interest an audience? Will not your congregation, after listening to you for a short time, remind a spectator of a company of opium eaters rather than those listening to the word of God? Are you so qualified by Nature and so deeply imbued with the spirit of God that it will not require more than an ordinary amount of grace in the heart of the hearer to listen to you for any length of time without earnestly longing to hear, "Lastly" or "Finally," or else composing himself for a "quiet nap?" Oh! the remembrance of those dead sermons. What a pang the recollection strikes to the heart! Every one of them seemed rather to stun and deaden the spirituality within than to strengthen it. Unless you can give us the good old doctrine in such shape that we can go away somewhat refreshed and "feasted" don't ever ascend the pulpit.

We have said thus much on this subject because we see so many already in the ministry and multitudes of others having the same in view, who, we believe, however pious and devoted christians they may be, might serve the Lord's cause much better, and live more to his glory in some other position.

There is another class still, who stick to the old paths and see a sanctity about everything that can boast of antiquity, while they look with a jealous eye upon every little innovation. Their course is but to

“beat and beat

The beaten track”

which their ancestors have trod. The same occupation which their fathers pursued they follow. The same little one story brown house that defended their father's heads from the wintry blast, protects them. The same wooden latch still holds the door. The same religious tenets which their sires entertained they receive without an unbelieving thought. They see no political party of the present day that stands upon a platform so truly Puritanic and so nearly Divine as the one to which their fathers belonged. The same country newspaper that statedly visited the paternal mansion still deals its (weekly) pittance to them. The routine of their lives embraces about as great a variety as did that of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. This class is aptly portrayed by Pollok:

“One man there was—and many such you might
Have met—who never had a dozen thoughts
In all his life, and never changed their course;
But told them o'er, each in its custom'd place
From morn till night, from youth till hoary age.

* * * * *

Beyond his native vale he never looked
But thought the visual line that girt him round
The world's extreme, and thought the silver moon
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host
No broader than his father's shield. He lived,
Lived where his father lived, died where he died.

Could all enter the sphere of labor for which they are suited, a much greater amount might be performed; the car of human progress would roll much faster; researches in the scientific world would be carried much further; so much power would not lie dormant, or uselessly spend itself upon the air; and man would merit the plaudit “well done.”

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

THERE is no age that is altogether free from superstition; there is indeed a degree of it lurking in every mind, and no one can thoroughly examine all his secret beliefs and half-beliefs without detecting it, hidden perhaps even from himself. Nay, it appears to be a part of man's nature, and, like instinct in the brutes, to act independently of reason. Christian science has done much in our day to do away with popular superstition. In the old Homeric world the gods themselves were almost visible to their worshippers, as they quaffed their nectar, or sat in council on the far summits of many-peaked Olympus. They understood uranography better than anything else, and distinctly recognized the various heavenly personages, as they hovered around the Trojan city, or came down into battle. But with all our boasted diffusion of knowledge and societies for the improvement of man, with all our science and industrialism, our physics and metaphysics, mankind is still in a miserable and sense-beclouded state. Unembodied spirits in general, and disembodied human ones in particular, still haunt the lonely hours, not of the timid and credulous alone, but those of persons of high intellect and great capacity. Lord Bacon implicitly credited witchcraft, Dr. Johnson shuddered at the ghost in Cock-lane, Napoleon was under the guidance of a star, and his nephew follows some similar delusion. Let but some traditional or supernatural tale be introduced into the most gay or grave of assemblies, and all will soon become most completely and solemnly interested in it.

But superstition is in no way so generally manifested, as in the prevailing spirit of prophecy. And by spirit of prophecy now we mean, not that spirit, which seating itself in the rational powers, informed, enlightened, and employed holy men of old, to understand and declare to others the will of God, but that universal spirit, that is forever lifting the corner of the curtain that hides the unknown events of futurity.

Man is anxious about what is going to take place, particularly as it may have reference to himself. He would fain "see the end from the beginning." Happy would it be for him sometimes if he could,—if he could foresee the end of a course of life as clearly as he sees the beginning: but oftener, far oftener, would it be his

curse and torment, unless with the foresight he had the means to avert the end. That he may foreknow, or at least get some slight glimpses of the future, he has resource to signs, *omina* and *portenta*, which, in their number and variety, would have quite astonished the ancient augurs. Of course men do not suppose that anybody or anything can absolutely presage the future to them. But somehow they fear the thing presaged is going to happen. Like Candace, they "feel it in their bones." No species of imposition succeeds better than fortune-telling. Of course no one puts credence in anything that a fortune teller may say. But how many a woman of uncertain age has become sick and grown pale as a lily, at being doomed by some sibyl to die an "old maid." Irving has embalmed in his pure English many similar tales of palmistry. How often and how successfully is the necromancer introduced in the drama and the novel. Othello won Desdemona "by conjuration and mighty magic," and Mr. Rochester in Jane Eyre never did a more knowing thing than when he appeared at his own house in the disguise of a strolling sorceress.

In many retired districts both in this country and in England, a bar-ghost is still supposed to belong to every town and village, and predict any impending misfortune by midnight shrieks and wailings.

But there is a spirit of prophecy, also natural to the human mind, that is not so identical with superstition. When to this there is added a profound and penetrating intellect, we are sometimes enabled to foresee events that may grow out of analogous circumstances, placed in the light of past experience; sometimes too there would almost seem to be a divine inspiration, exalting this faculty into a true vaticination. But even then it is, as a matter of fact, the result of mental acumen, not clear sight-seeing. The learned divine, the popular lecturer, the young man in college, and even the boy in the lyceum, think themselves more or less endowed with this faculty, though the full light of intellect is seldom brought to its aid. They go back to the time of Adam, trace the correspondence between causes and their consequences through all the past, carefully examine into the present state of things, and gravely unfold the things to come.

Now if the history of the world has proved anything, it has conclusively shown, that the finger of the Past and Present writes no assurance on the portal of the Future. God delights in confounding the expectations of men. No one can look back to

hardly any period in life, when what is now past was then future, and find that events have turned out exactly as he expected. There is a sense in which the history of the world is nothing but the fulfillment of false predictions. Mankind derided the ark of Noah; Rome thought Christianity nipped in the bud; England could easily subdue her American colonies; the last measure of Congress is ever about to dissolve the Union; and many times has the day been fixed for the end of all things.

The peace and prosperity of the world come from causes, in which we see no prophecy of their results; for the divine mode of working in the great sphere of the universe, and in the vast sweep of time, is like a mighty web where the threads are connected with each other in a manner known to eternal wisdom, but all tangled, apparently, to us. The things which appear most prosperous to day will perhaps turn out the least so, and the things most disastrous the most prolific of good. During the reign of bloody Mary in England, when the fires of Smithfield, like those in the ancient temple, went not out either by day or by night, if the Reformers had been asked what were the prospects for Protestantism and freedom, they would have predicted evil and only evil. Still less did the queen and her minions suspect the manner in which, like John the Baptist, they were literally making "straight paths for the Lord." When our fathers driven out of England sought a home across the waters, on these wild shores, judged by any law of political economy, or human understanding, they were destined soon to perish. This continent tells what they did, and what they were, and their history tells how little we can judge of future results by present appearances, or past experience.

Now the trouble with the prophets of our day is, that after looking at the past, and getting from its long series of precedents a hint of the way in which God works, they turn around and judge of things to come, as though they were themselves the regulators of them. And even were it not so, their capacity and not God's immutability, would still be at fault. For the more we study the relations between men and their doings in different ages, the more emphatically are we taught how little we do or can know of God's scheme of government.

Neither can men always prophesy the truth, when they have the fulfillment of their prophecies in their own hands. No man was ever yet all that he pictured or promised himself to be.

There are more of these false prophets among students than in any other class of persons. They form good resolutions from week to week and term to term, prophecy to themselves that they shall do different, and be different, but each successive week and term finds them going round and round in the same beaten track, with the College bell for a master, and Remorse for a cheerless chum.

We can then but regard the prevailing spirit of prophecy as worse than useless. There are some men whose sagacity we must admire,—we admire the breadth of their understanding, the length of their judgment, the depth of their thought and the solidity of their reason. But these are often warped by prejudice or passion, or the things in which our interests are invested so that they cease to be reliable. The compass of the mind, when there is a distracting iron or loadstone in the vicinity never points exactly to the North. God for wise reasons has concealed from man, as Shakspeare says,—

“Those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.”

Prophets are dead. God no longer tells beforehand what he is going to do. Some things however we do know: we know that a certain effect will follow a certain cause from the immutability of natural law; we know that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, will not fail, that those who are faithful here will receive crowns of rejoicing hereafter, for they are in the promises of God. But these do not come within the pale of prophecy.

When therefore we see the Pulpit, or the Platform, or the Press, acting as the exponent of the future, we are forced to regard it as a sheer folly, I had almost said, a great sin. Would that they might be rebuked, as once “the dumb ass, speaking with a man’s voice, forbade the madness of the prophet.” We have a profound contempt for the whole school of modern seers, from the wandering gipsy that retails love affairs, and matrimonial alliances, to the great statesman predicting disunion, and offering prescriptions warranted to heal the wounds of a bruised people. They are all arrant quacks. The sands of the unborn Future, ever trickling through the living Present into the dead Past, will falsify all their prophecies and dispel their fine-spun theories, as the wind carries away the chaff of the summer threshing-floors, and no place will be found for them.

FANCY AND FACT;

A Collection of Disconnected Whims, done into Rhyme somewhat.

BY SIMON PURE.

FANCY and Fact are opposite things,
 So I have heard and I reckon it true ;
 Fancy's an elegant bird, with wings,
 That soars to the skies and circles and sings,
 And builds her nest in the castles of kings ;
 But Fact is a capering kangaroo,
 (Not a very poetical beast, I know.)
 That looks where he leaps. and then moves slow ;
 Or perhaps for the better, I change the simile,
 Call it an ass, that mopes about dreamily,
 Goes when you wouldn't,
 And stands when he shouldn't,
 Or frolics about when you thought that he couldn't ;
 If you think you can move him by lashes or scoffing, he
 Only replies with a doleful cacophony ;
 So, in spite of your goads, use them ever so skillful,
 Asses and facts are stubborn and willful.
 Fancy and Fact have fought a free fight,
 Ever since Adam opened his eyes to the light ;
 Eve fancied the apple could do her no harm,—
 How pretty, thought she, to be like the Devil,
 Possessing the knowledge of good and of evil,—
 She ate with her spouse, and—they quitted the farm.
 This contest, Cervantes has given to note,—he
 Has pictured it all in the strange Don Quixote,
 And Hudibras, too, helps answer the riddle,
 Who fights with a bear and conquers a fiddle ;
 Miss Kilmansegg,
 Of the golden leg,—
 Proud Miss McBride, who was forced to beg,
 Each tells a tale, how Fancy's wings
 Are cropped by the merciless facts of things.
 In the realms of Love,
 Doth the Fancy rove,
 Through castle, or cottage, or garden, or grove,
 Yet Fact invades, with an ugly grace,
 Forever despoiling a favorite place :
 Apollo—says some mythological poet,—

Asked Daphne to have him, but she wouldn't do it;
He teased,—and she ran—and he followed after,—
A scene to excite Rhadamanthus to laughter;—
The faster she ran, the more beautiful she,
So it seemed to Apollo, so ardent was he;

But at length when he caught her,
The girl that he thought her,

Was nothing at all, but a laurel tree.

Divine Beatrice,

The beautiful creature,

Whom Dante has fancied of heavenly feature,

In fact, was a slattern, a regular fright,—

At least, if Lord, the historian's right:

And so you will find, that whatever a songster

Extols in his verse, some queen of his fancy,

The adored is one that he loved when a youngster,

But now is some unknown Betty or Nancy.

This "Love in a Cottage," this "darling," and "deary,"

When brought to a test, proves nothing but theory,—

A thing of fantastical gasconade,

Devised by an indigent poet, 'tis said;

It's pretty enough,—your Columbine Cottage,—

But poetry!—think of the gruel and pottage:

I've a story to tell of a fanciful sort,

And lest it offend, I will promise it short;

It's queer—but I can't tell just where I got it,

Whether I read it, or dreamed it, or thought it,—

Suffice it to say,

That Jonathan Gray,—

Or I'll call him John when it comes in play,—

Fell so deeply in love with Madame Tete-a-tete,

That his friends gave him up to connubial fate.

The lady, they say, was young,—and, in truth,

She possessed a sort of perpetual youth;—

"A rival of Hebe," as some would declare,

Though regarding their beauty, they wouldn't compare;

While one for her ugliness, had to leave heaven,

The other with her's, couldn't enter there even:

But her lack of beauty was fully supplied,

By the depth of the pockets that hung at her side;

For Madame had married (she made it her boast,)

A wealthy old codger of seventy years,

Whose work soon accomplished, he gave up the ghost,

And left her a widow in sorrow and tears;

But youthful Madame,

Grew suddenly calm,—

A peep at his gold was a Gilead balm ;
 In appropriate time, when the fashions say,
 You may put off the mourning and put on the gay,
 Our lady determined a brilliant display,
 And issued her cards for a grand soiree,—
 Invited the notable folks of the day,
 With several bachelor friends, and they
 Included our hero, Jonathan Gray.
 The evening was spent in the liveliest mood,
 And health enough drank to Madame Tete-a-tete,
 To have made her immortal in spite of her fate,
 While as to herself, it was well understood,
 She was now in the market and would be wooed.
 Now 'twere quite improper for one to go on,
 Without describing the gentleman John :
 He was tall and slim,
 And exceedingly prim,
 And had a neat method of touching his brim ;
 He had cream-colored hair and an amber moustache on,
 Pomaded and twisted according to fashion ;
 His optical organs were good, I think likely,
 Though the left had a habit of looking obliquely :
 But he covered the blemish by bridging his nose,
 With a pair of French glasses in splendid gold bows :
 For further description, I think it not meet,
 To notice his wardrobe or even his feet,—
 For though heels, now-a-days, claim precedence of mind,
 And often have power to fetch brain to a-basement ;
 I choose to honor the heads of mankind,
 And leave heels and toes to their painful *a-maize-ment*,*
 Well, Jonathan's head comes next for inspection,
 And after a careful and thorough dissection,
 We find him a full-grown newspaper poet,
 Who has, doubtless, some genius, but really don't show it ;
 He delights in sham groves, in impossible dells,
 Where spurious cows wear improbable bells,—
 Writes odes to the moon without license or law,—
 Wastes passion on sweethearts his eyes never saw ;
 Folks said he was "gassy," when really his head
 Was as thick and as dull as a nugget of lead.
 Now Jonathan's pate,
 As you've heard me state,
 Conceived quite a flame for Madame Tete-a-tete,—
 Not exactly because he thought she was handsome,

* Vide Poetic Lice.—*Mass. Rev. Statutes.*

But, just as I said, her gold was her ransom ;
Our Jonathan dreamed and pondered upon it,
Wrote many an ode and many a sonnet,

Till, by his machine,

He made her a queen,

The gayest and fairest that ever was seen ;
At length, the hard-hearted lady was stirred,—
Against such a torrent, what lady could stand ?
Mechanical wooing she owned she preferred,
To the old-fashioned method of wooing by hand ;

Well, the day was set,—

The happiest yet,

That ever Jonathan Gray had met ;
His hopes were high and his fancy free,
Built castles of gold, where his wife and he
Might bill and coo like a couple of doves,
Surrounded by angels and dipterous Loves.
The hour of the wedding came and passed,—
And the time for retiring arrives, at last.
Now, woe to the fancies of Jonathan Gray !
For Fact is here, and will have its way ;
Here's the most appalling thing in the world !
Her beautiful locks all frizzled and curled,
Come off in the shape of a tufted wig,
And leave her as bare as a scalded pig !
John stands amazed, with his hand in his pocket,—
She squelches a false eye out of its socket !
John seizes the latch and catches his breath,—
She draws from her mouth a set of false teeth !
"I'm going," says he, "if I have to beg,"
And he left her unbuckling a ligneous leg !
Not a word was heard of Jonathan Gray,
For many a livelong desperate day,
Till the news went out that his wife was dead,
When all of a sudden, he showed his head ;
He saw her deposited, safe and sound,
In a narrow sarcophagus, deep under ground ;

Then the love that once burned

In his heart, returned,—

At least, for the fortune he thought he had earned ;
And so he demanded at once, the gold
Which was his in probate, to have and to hold ;

But the gold was gone,—

For him there was none,

So to law, the matter was speedily carried ;
The statute declared how the thing should be done ;—

"They twain," (not one and a half) "shall be one,"—
So the Judge decided,—“not legally married.”
Thus Fancy and Fact play the game of life;
First Fancy is bold, but her skill soon abated,
Perpetual check is her lot in the strife,—
Or, daring to move, she is surely checkmated.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON CHARACTER.

THERE are few problems of more practical interest than those which pertain to the development of human character. These, it will be seen, are of no little importance, when we remember, that long-continued controversy has as yet been unable to solve the least of these difficulties. My object is not to overcome these or present any original views, but to arrange in new forms, whatever we may find calculated to strengthen our opinion in behalf of our New England climate. It would be difficult for any one to maintain that climate has not been the great cause that maketh humanity to differ. Manifestly physical development depends upon climate. If this be true, as true we think it is, then there remains what is most difficult of all to show, the relation which physical development sustains to character: If not: What does it depend upon? Says Horace Greeley, “Place in some portions of New England a race of dwarfs and they would soon become a race of full grown men.” It is equally clear to many of the present age that the social state as well as the moral development of a race depends very much on its physical condition. This fact is becoming more and more universally admitted every day. Educated men now urge the necessity of physical culture. The advocates of “muscular christianity” tell us, that the moral in a great measure depends upon the physical. There is a fact worthy of notice here, in proportion as a race or nation have been physically developed in just that proportion have they enlarged in means, and wealth, in numbers, in arts and literature—powers and glory—in progress and civilization. There have been cases where nations have increased in this way like “the huntsmen twins on the banks of the Tiber, till the civilized world worshiped at their feet,” or

to give an illustration nearer home, "the descendants of a few Pilgrims now overshadow a continent." They who with eye of science read, tell us that clime and country are the causes of all this. What, if not climate causes nations to rise so suddenly, and yet so high in the scale of progress and civilization? Why do other races suffer so sadly and fall so low? Why one race elevated and another degraded, so that men doubt their humanity and take them for beasts? Alas for them so imbecile as not to see that clime and country are chiefest among the causes. There can be but two agencies that have caused differences so plainly marked? The moral and physical. We have already considered the influence of the latter upon nations and races. Let us now consider its influence upon New England character. It is easy to discern since our whole country has the same moral agencies in one part as another that the character of the inhabitants of different sections differs only as the *climate* differs—hence in comparing New England with other parts of our country we may, in all fairness leave out of the question all moral causes. The part which clime sustains in relation to New England mind, is truly an important one. The very ruggedness of its hills and mountains are strongly impressed upon the character of its inhabitants. There is in all these a formative power that cannot be estimated. Strength of mind, the iron will, to do or die, is easily traceable to the influence of these very hills and mountains. Human life were it not for these would be but an interminable Sahara, all a dead sand level. Heaven be praised, then that there are "lispings rivulets," rushing torrents, mountain peaks, and a changing clime to break an otherwise unbroken existence. The rivers tumbling toward the sea stir up a restlessness and vitality unknown hardly anywhere else. 'Tis this spirit that makes the commerce of a world. 'Tis these very influences that urge New England men "to colonize and civilize, till no wind shall sweep the earth that does not bear the echo of her voices." Not only these, but in addition, every stream is an earnest prompter to effort unceasing, and industry untiring, ever teaching by their always changing and never returning waters, lessons of morality that are not lost. Is it any wonder then if such is their influence upon mind, that the ancient Greeks gave to every river a living name, embodying a divine idea. No wonder that activity and energy are the ruling

characteristics of New England men since everything in the nature of the climate prompts to these. Every feature upon the face of the country finds its counterpart in character. Abundant illustrations may be found not only in the marts of trade but every tiller of the soil by the suddenness of seed time and harvest, is made an earnest man: the whole profession by the climate is full of energy and intellect. We are aware that there goes a notion in the world that New England men are a roving, trading, nut-meg peddling people, and that these are the leading features of her character. But they, who judge her thus, judge her wrongly. This trading speculating character is a false guise which too often deceives and covers up sterling excellencies. Her character is more truly seen in her deeds of love and holy charity—in her asylums for the unfortunate, hospitals for the distressed and sorrowing, homes for the homeless, and in schools such as can be found hardly anywhere else. All these are faithful indices of her character. All show the influence of clime upon mind and heart. Let us then compare New England with other portions of our land, and without citing individual cases of eminent men, we shall find that,

“New England mind where'er you will,
Is patent unmistakable.”

Would you have evidence of the superiority of a temperate clime? We are told that there are three stages of humanity in its march down the ages; its childhood, youth and manhood. Asia its cradle, Europe the home of its youth, and America its manhood. The last, most perfect and completest of them all, because it has the climate of them all. Because, too, while tropical countries surpass all others in the dazzling luxuriance of their vegetation and their almost overgrown development of animal life, it has been reserved for temperate climates to produce the most perfect types of humanity. This admitted, it still remains to compare different sections of our land. Alas! here are our greatest difficulties, each section thinks its own clime the best. All think their lines have fallen in the pleasantest places. And yet, to us the superiority of Northern over Southern districts is seen, when we remember that it is there that passion shows its rankest growth;

it is there, too, that vice and indolence grow unrestrained into a luxuriant growth. In the other extreme we can but reasonably expect a frigedness of soul corresponding to the clime—

“Nor in the west where prairies tone
Emblems existence turned to stone,
A life so calm and equable
As stagnant to become and dull.”

J.

FESTINA LENTE.

“MAKE haste slowly,” saith the old proverb. “Make haste slowly,” say certain wise ones. “Make haste slowly,” chime in half the world beside; and the world and the wise ones make practice conform to theory.

We do not challenge the correctness of the proverb, guarded as it is by such a talisman as age; we would rather respectfully take off our hat, and, with a profound bow, say, “with your leave, sir, we would inform you that you are dreadfully abused. Certain persons, the wise ones aforesaid, who are most assiduous in their devotion, are really your enemies and never cease to misrepresent your character. If it be your pleasure, we will put these fellows upon trial and see if they do not at once plead guilty.” We must confess, however, to the private belief, that with an air of injured innocence they would maintain to the very last, “not guilty.” We are assured that nothing but the rack would bring out the truth. Yet we will have them up and perhaps we can prove something against them. Let the indictment be read. “You are charged with discouraging a very proper enthusiasm in youth, and causing so many fruitless lives.” What say you to this, guilty or not guilty? “Not guilty,” say they, with great self-complacence, just as we told you. But they must not be let off with this, so let us conduct the investigation a little further. Every person, we presume, has, during some portion of his or her life, had an attack of fever, we mean ambition-fever. There has been some period, in the history of each individual, when he has felt a desire to become great. The violence and complexion of the disease vary

with the age and temperament of the sufferer. With some it rages greatly, at first, but soon subsides. With others it is more deeply seated, flowing in a strong under current not so easily stayed. This disease can be best controlled in early youth, and, if it takes a right direction will prove highly beneficial. Now there are some persons who maintain that anything like ambition is unlawful and sinful; that the desire to make attainments, in any pursuit, beyond the rest of mankind ought to be checked. They say that the long and unwearied pursuit of anything, not immediately connected with religion, is labor ill spent. Thus when a young man looks forward with eagerness to the battle of life determined to fight "as a good soldier," and win unfading laurels, he is constantly assailed with such grave advice as this, "Don't set your mark too high." "You cannot do as much as you think." "Make haste slowly."

Youth is a period when the current of life is strong, but has not worn so deep a channel that it may not easily be turned aside. Then the feelings are most ardent, the aspirations most fanciful. To say that a young man has no dream of ambition, is to say that he is unnatural or a fool. A soaring spirit is sometimes told that he must be prepared to occupy some humble position. Better far that he be prepared to fill well the *highest* place for which the Great Architect has planned him. For how is he to know his destiny unless he turns within and reads the inscription graven upon his own soul? What better assurance can he have that he is to win immortality than a deep incontrollable longing for it; that earnest voices seem to urge him on, calling from out the darkness of night? Let him beware how he disregards these monitors, for they may be the echoes of God's voice reverberating through the deep chambers of his soul. How often do those, who might rise to the mountain tops, trudge along in the gloomy valleys because they are dissuaded from attempting to ascend. The young are easily discouraged. Small difficulties are magnified into impassable obstacles, and when they are told that life is a scene of disappointment, that the height of their ambition can never be reached, that they must be contented with small things, that vigor and perseverance in the pursuit of anything will probably result in failure, we can easily see how they, inexperienced and immature will shrink in dismay from the prospect before them, and fall back into

the great host of plodders and hangers on of life. It is said that many, whose vigorous energies, and noble enthusiasm early gave promise of a fruitful life, have been disheartened by the obstacles thrown in their path, under the guise of a salutary check upon their outgushing spirits. The tree was covered with a gorgeous array of blossoms, but rude blasts chilled and destroyed the fruit. What can be the danger of too great aspirations *rightly directed*? Why not then, instead of attempting to curb and dwarf the natural impulses of the soul, see that they are turned into a proper channel where the impetuosity of their flow will augment their efficiency in all that is noble and worthy of man? Keep the sapling *straight* and never fear that it will strike its roots too deeply in the earth, or rear its top too vigorously towards heaven.

AJAX.

SOUTH CAROLINA, the mushroom nation, by vote of the Convention, is out of the Union. In less than six months, if she is not whipped into the traces by the Federal Government, she will be out of every thing else as well. She will be out of men and money; out of ships and seamen; out of schools and school teachers; out of coals and candles; out of whips and whiskey; out of negroes and negro drivers; out of cotton and credit; out of gin and cotton gins; out of sugar and starch; out of watches and watchmen; out of silk and soft soap; out of post offices and peddlers; out of horses and hard-ware; out of iron and ice; out of champagne and cigars; out of pins and pens; out of crinoline and cravats; out of cooks and clocks; out of powder and pluck; out of beef and brag; out of everything except fools and their folly, demagogues and their deviltry.

THE PARTING.

I WAS silent, she was sad,
Nay, was weeping;
Auburn hair against my breast,
Little hand so tightly pressed,
I was keeping.

So we stood there at the door,
Lovingly and long;
Spoke we not, nor she nor I,
Only kissed we our good-bye,
Kissed, and I was gone.

THE HYPOCRITE.

I KNOW a man—no matter where or who—
(See to it reader that it be not you,)
A man whose wealth is not of wondrous range,
But yet whose name is always “good on change,”
Who owns a house of rather vast dimensions,
Five stories—free-stone—of no small pretensions,
With paint and gilding daubed along the ceilings
“As Butler says, “without regard to feelings ;”
But as for *heart*, is just that sort of man
That's built on Nature's most penurious plan.
He goes to church from New Years to December,
A very faithful, well-appearing member,
And quite devout : why yes, he'll bow his head
When all the short and longest prayers are said.
Down, down it goes, almost below his knees
Where he can—sleep, and—*eat his bread and cheese.*
At evening meetings when the word is given
He's sure to tell you just the way to Heaven
When everybody feels but dreads to tell
That he himself is on the road to—well
Enough to say that after all his talk
How every man should circumspectly walk,
Cheer up the widow—soothe the orphan's fate,
And share your bread with those of low estate,
He never yet performed one noble deed
To prove the value of his pious creed !
Oh ye who cry for heathen sins and woes,
Oh ye who pray for foreign griefs and throes,
Shedding great tears for those in Pagan night
Who do the wrong because they think it right,
While thousand thousands at your very door
Know well the right yet basely sin the more,—
Come back ! Come back ! Begin thy work anew,
Thy neighbor needeth all that thou canst do.
Ah, foolish mortals ! thus to show the way
How all may reach the everlasting day,
While you yourselves have interposed a wall
So that no sinner can get in at all ;
Press if you will the suffering, aching poor !
Thrust from your sight the wretched evil-doer !
But this remember—'tis the voice divine,—
Pearls are unwelcome from the mouth of swine !

ANCIENT AND MODERN ART.

It is often urged that one of the most glaring defects of modern civilization is its lack of a proper culture and appreciation of the beautiful. Men, as if glad to escape from the dust and weariness of the worldly present, would fain go back and worship the light of a diviner beauty, as it is reflected in the high ideals and exquisite culture of an imperishable antiquity. Its heavenly radiance, they imagine, even shining through the clouded atmosphere of twenty centuries, is brighter and purer than the misty light which plays around the present horizon, and can thrill the soul with finer emotions than any that have yet enraptured it. It would be vain to deny the merits of Grecian or Italian aesthetics. All that was sublime and beautiful in conception, perfect in execution, pure and holy in sentiment, constitute the excellencies of Grecian art. Beauty then walked the earth incarnate. Language was but the reflection of its image. Literature even in the rigid abstractions of philosophy could not shake off its fascinations. And art, whose empire is the beautiful, found its loftiest aspirations encouraged, and its fondest hopes realized. Yet, in the humility of our reverence for the peculiar refinement of an ancient civilization, it is not well to overlook the merits of our own. And, while we would not deny the singular attainments of the age of Pericles, or the DeMedici, we would vindicate the taste and culture of our own age.

The aesthetic element is not the only one in human character. Not even does it enjoy the first rank in importance. However lovely it may render the soul, and however exquisite the pleasures it may impart, a thirst for the true, and a love for the good, are qualities which far transcend it in influence and real worth. The province of each one of these is radically distinct, and the presence of one does not necessarily preclude or pre-suppose that of the rest. The flowers of the valley have no essential connection with the work of the laborer, and the flowers which are in perpetual bloom in the regions of thought, or waft their fragrance with every manifestation of goodness, are equally separate from the

labor of the philosopher, or the experience of the moralist. But the former may sweeten the toil of the husbandman, and cheer his gloomiest hours, and the latter have innocent charms for the earnest seeker of truth, or the impassioned lover of moral worth. These three elements, when they exist together, form a perfect character, and are indispensable to the highest and fullest enjoyment. In the culture of the taste and the imagination, there are lessons of wisdom to be learned and imparted, and models of virtue and purity to be studied and imitated. In science and philosophy the mind is not occupied solely with natural laws and rigid abstractions, but forms and thoughts of impressive loveliness, ideal, it is true, yet none the less real, come crowding upon the mind, and images of the purest benevolence fill the soul with kindness and love. In the higher exercises of human nature, beside the contemplation of the good and the virtuous, there are truths too important, and beauties of too divine a mold to be neglected. Thus it is always—Beauty and Truth and Goodness, ministering angels to the wants of humanity, each has rich stores upon which the others may feast, and each realizes its keenest enjoyment, when roaming hand in hand with the others through the gardens and vales and fastnesses of human thought and experience.

In the Grecian and Italian character, and especially the former, the influence of the aesthetic element predominates, while the logical and religious elements hold a secondary place. We speak now of the nation, and not of individual exceptions which only prove the rule. And in this lies the radical difference between the Grecian mind and the modern European and Anglo-American constitution. The latter has just as nice an appreciation of the beautiful, is just as susceptible to the magic of its influence as the former, but it has a higher sense of the value of the true and the good, which never exalted the nature of the Greek.

It was this difference which made the culture of Greece so intensely refined while it existed, and rendered her downfall so inevitable and so complete. And it is this same difference which gives to modern civilization its practical tendencies, and promises to endow it with strength and stability. The study and contemplation of the beautiful have too much to do with the feelings to render them safe, unless properly controlled by the reason and the heart. It was not that the Greek was too fond of beautiful

thoughts and beautiful forms and beauty of every kind of expression, but because these were the sole food of his being, that Grecian civilization so signally failed.

The representative of modern culture can enjoy as intense pleasure from the same source as his ancient rival, and yet not destroy his mental energy, or weaken the sterner and nobler virtues of his nature. With him refinement and aesthetics are the amusements and not the business of life, and while his admiration of the beautiful is just as complete, and the raptures of his delight just as exalted as those of the Greek, stronger and diviner elements of character control the current of his life, and save him for a higher destiny. History has been lavish in its praises of Greece, and wont to consider her refinement and art as an angel-visit, which, however much longed for, is never likely to be repeated. It would be unjust to darken a single ray of their glory, but would a proper estimate of their value leave out of view the loss of discipline of the other powers of the mind? Are a fine taste, a creative fancy, a cunning hand, possessions of such infinite worth that sound reasoning, pure affections, and the infinities of science, must all be paid, or rather thrown away, for their acquisition. Censure is due to the nature, which must needs squander the fairest portion of its inheritance in order to give the rest its greatest increase. The philosophy of Greece, when not upheld by the more than Grecian Plato and the un-Grecian Aristotle, degenerated into disgusting sophistry. Her oratory was constantly running into empty declamation and meaningless rhetoric. And Science with a few exceptions had no charms for her ideal and imaginative sons. The moderns have escaped, or rather the genius of their natures has saved them from the extravagancies and intoxication of the ancients. The goddess of beauty in our age has no throne upon which she rules supreme; no temples and altars where she demands the purest homage man can bestow; but she must be content with an inferior ministry, and a less absolute reverence.

There is one manifestation of the modern aesthetical character sufficient to redeem it from any apparent deficiency; the almost passionate love of our age for the beauties and sublimities of nature. No where in the traces of Grecian civilization can we detect even a common appreciation of the lovely and grand exhi-

bitions, which nature so often displays. While the Greeks worshiped the wonderful creations of their artists, they were insensible to the beauties of design and execution which daily surround them. Every evening there streamed across the landscape, and played around the summit of Hymettus, rays of departing glory, which might have filled the soul with intense enthusiasm. Every summer there bloomed along their valleys flowers of far more delicate tints, and clustered fruit of a far more perfect finish than the hand of Zeuxis could impart. The varieties of their scenery must have been sufficient to have charmed the dullest as well as the most sensitive nature. Yet we have no evidence that they manifested even an ordinary interest in the infinities of beauty which surrounded them. On the other hand the ecstatic joy, with which the modern eye drinks in the singular perfection and beauty of nature's works, is interwoven into all the outward expressions of our being. They constitute the favorite illustrations of our orators; they clothe themselves in the imagery of our poetry; they give character to our pleasures, and seem to find an appreciating response in every emotion of our natures. It may be our enthusiasm is overwrought, but it shows how deep and sensitive is the aesthetic element in our constitution, not inferior to that of any nation in any age, and how unjust and partial are all disparaging criticisms. The Greek cultivated his taste and imagination from sheer necessity, he had nothing else to do. We have other things of far more intrinsic value to claim our attention, truths in science to be investigated, intricate problems in politics to be solved, theories in philosophy to be tested, and vital principles in religion to be studied and adopted. The Greek had but a single shrine at which to worship. We have a Trinity to serve, Beauty and Truth and Goodness.

IKE.

AMBITION is frequently the only refuge which life has left to the denied or mortified affections. We chide at the grasping eye, the daring wing, the soul that seems to thirst for sovereignty only, and know not that the flight of this ambitious bird has been from a bosom or a hand that is filled with ashes.

ABELARD.

As we read the pages of the written past a peculiar charm is wont to gather around those, who, amid persecutions upon every side, have won a lasting name.

Let us, now, turn back the record of nearly eight hundred years, and read of the youthful Abelard. He was born at Palais, eight miles from Nantes, of a noble and military ancestry. Although ardent of spirit and vigorous of body, he sought not for trophies on the field of battle. He lived at a time, when the whole of Western Europe was filled with enthusiasm by the preaching of the Crusaders, yet he sold his chivalric birthright, that he might enter upon a career of letters. He broke the bands of Ecclesiastic discipline and became a leader in the spirit of free inquiry. Early in life he removed to Paris, that he might there satisfy a craving for philosophic studies.

Wm. des Champeaux was at this time the greatest master of dialectics, and Abelard gladly became his pupil. But "while yet a stripling," having gained a controversial victory over his teacher, he opened a school of his own. He first pitched his scholastic camp at Melun, but soon removed to Corbeil, and afterwards to Paris.

Around him admiring crowds were drawn by the celebrity of his name. At this time, Foulques, prior of Deuil, thus addresses him: "No distance of country, no height of mountains, no depths of valleys, no intricate journey beset with perils and thieves, could withhold your scholars from you. Rome sent her children to be taught of you. The English youth, in spite of intervening seas and storms, at the sound of your name crowded eager on." "To you far Britany sent her inhabitants for instruction. Poitou, Gascony, Iberia, Normandy, Flanders, the Teutons and the Swedes, ardent in your praise, evermore extolled and proclaimed your genius."

It is not strange that there should have been those eager for his downfall. Superior talent is ever attended by envy, and soon he was made to feel the malice of his old master and fellow pupils. We will not dwell upon "The Romance of Abelard and Heloise." Who has not read of that lovely and loving girl? Who has not

pictured her beauty of mind and feature and been charmed by the intensity of her devotion, the enthusiasm of her love? At the Abbey of St. Denis, urged by his former pupils, Abelard resumed his course of instruction, and to him flocked "such a multitude of scholars that neither were there lodgings enough to hold them or provisions to feed them."

But soon he was driven by the animosity of his old rivals and the rage of the monks, whose gross irregularities he had boldly rebuked, to leave his Monastic home, and seek an asylum in the wilds of Troyes. Persecution made him still more dear to his disciples, and stronger bound the ties of friendship. Upon the banks of the Ardisson, they built their thatched cabins, baked their coarse bread, and gathered their wild herbs. They bid adieu to their elegant homes and choice viands, that they might dwell in the presence and feed upon the words of Abelard. In this lonely covert arose an oratory of stone, to which in gratitude for Divine consolation he gave the name of Paraclete. Though an exile, the hand of affection reared for him this temple, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. But he was not long to enjoy the society of his loved disciples. In an evil hour, he accepted the office and entered upon the duties of Superior in the Abbey of St. Gildas. Here vice and intrigue reigned. His life was daily threatened and many attempts were even made against it, till he was led to exclaim—"From the ends of the earth have I cried to thee, O Lord, in the anguish of my heart."

But his sorrows are not yet ended. He had dared, boldly, to face his renowned rival Bernard, the "saintly" abbot of Clairvaux, who thereupon denounced Abelard to the Pope, "as a monk without rule, a superior without care; internally a Herod, externally a Baptist; possessing nothing of a monk but the name and the habit; one who proclaims iniquity in the streets; corrupts the integrity of faith, and the purity of the church; a fabricator of lies, a heretic not in error only but in obstinacy and defence of error." He tried to bring his cause before a high tribunal, but was condemned without a hearing. He appealed to Rome, but gained no satisfaction, but the following sentence,—“With the advice of the Bishops and Cardinals of our Courts, we have condemned the false opinions of Peter Abelard, together with their author, and as a heretic we have imposed perpetual silence upon him.”

Thus denounced, infirm and afflicted, he turned his back upon the scenes of former joys and sorrows, to be kindly received into the convent of Cluni, by Peter the Venerable, who addressed to the Roman pontiff, this request in his behalf: "Induced by my advice, or rather, I think inspired by heaven, he has chosen to relinquish the tumultuary scenes of scholastic studies and disputation, and with us to take up his last abode at Cluni. I was led to believe that his learning, to which your Holiness is no stranger, might be rendered very serviceable to the crowds of young men who inhabit these cloisters. It is now your approbation only that we wait for. Grant it, therefore, we humbly entreat you. I request it—I, the meanest of your servants; and the abbey of Cluni ever devoted to you, joins in my petition; let the voice of Abelard be heard with ours; it is his prayer that the remaining days of an unhappy life, which perhaps are few, he may be commanded to spend at Cluni. Like the sparrow, he has chosen his habitation; like the plaintive turtle he rejoices here to have built his nest. May no opposition disturb his rest, no violence intrude on his retirement. You, who are the guardian of the good and virtuous, and who once loved Abelard, will take him under the shield of your apostolic protection." The petition was granted, and his wanderings were well nigh ended. The vigor of former years had departed, and he spent his few remaining days in reading, prayer, and silent meditation. For a change of air, he was carried to the banks of the Saone, but his work was done, and on the 21st of April, 1142, he died. At his request, his remains were borne to the Paraclete, and watched with pious care by the devoted Heloise, till her eyes were closed by death, and her form, once so beautiful, placed in the same stone coffin. Their bones, after many wanderings, now rest in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. Would that they could have lain unmolested in their first resting place, by the still waters of the Ardisson; that there, the traveler, forgetting their faults, might ponder upon their virtues.

GAMMA.

AFTER THE SNOW.

ALL day long, the snow
Had been falling, dropping drearily,
'Till the laden trees longed wearily,
For the sunshine, shining cheerily
After the snow.

Cold and soft, the snow
Lay on lawn and lane and dwelling,
White as maiden bosoms swelling,
Earth to purity compelling,
After the snow.

All day fast or slow,
Fell the driving snow or driven,
Till at night the cloud was riven,
And a stream of sunlight given,
After the snow.

Then on all below,
Field and fount and forest laden,
Gleamed a glory as of Aiden,
Or the sweet smile of a maiden,—
After the snow.

Brown and bare and low,
Stood a cottage in the dingle
Stood there all alone and single,
Far from haunts where men do mingle,—
After the snow.

There the sunlight's glow,
Gleamed in through the cottage casement,
On a scene of drear displacement,
And a mother's deep abasement,—
After the snow.

By the couch so low,
Knelt she sinking, sobbing, sighing,
Knelt there cheerless, cold and crying,
For her cherished child was dying,
After the snow.

It was long ago,
And the house has time defied;
But the mother's sleeping by the side
Of her brave, bright boy that died,
After the snow.

THE MEAN MAN.

THE mean man is of a species peculiar to himself. He is not of that class that occasionally do a mean thing, but his whole life, if examined closely, is found to be one continued series of meanesses. He of course takes a high stand on all moral questions, and, as I hardly need to state, is professedly a religious man. He belongs to the most popular and influential church in the place, thinking that his garb of religion will shield him in many a despicable deed, and by having the sympathy and patronage of that church, he moves on gloriously on the wave of public opinion, his ship sailing under the colors of honorable and respectable men. He will talk to you with honeyed words, but it is as the serpent's rattle that he may the more easily sting you. If he pays quarter of a hundred for preaching per year, he thinks it is stock well invested, and believes that in giving he shall receive again with usury. If he is a physician, it is a wily plot to obtain patients, if a lawyer to get clients, if a merchant he thinks it will give additional charms to his goods and thus removing all suspicion from the eyes of the unsophisticated, he can "fleece 'em" much easier.

He is a very conscientious man and possessed of great ardor in religion. He will sometimes converse with great earnestness with some not over-shrewd person who attends the same church, on the all important subject of his soul's salvation. He will draw tears from his eyes and at the same time money from his pocket, and with every word he utters he hears the clink of the round, hard dollars as they drop into his money draw. "Surely," says the victim to himself, "he who will talk to me in this manner will deal honestly with me;" and he places unbounded confidence in him.

He is a very self-sacrificing man. He is always ready in any benevolent enterprise that will be much noticed and which he thinks will ultimately benefit himself and redound to his own glory; or, in other words, he is always ready to give when he thinks his hand will return to him heavier than it left. He has actually been known to take the lead in the very laudable enterprise of resuscitating the church choir, and we shall never forget with what feel-

ings we looked upon him as he stretched up his pipe-stem neck, opened his cadaverous jaws and poured forth the notes of praise on a Sunday morning. We were a little shocked with the irreverence of our friend who stood near and who likened him to one of the male gender of that diminutive breed of poultry called Bantam, while in the act of crowing.

But his magnanimity is by no means circumscribed within narrow limits. He went even so far as voluntarily to take upon him the very onerous labor of collecting several subscription lists, upon which his own name was found for a handsome sum, putting the amount in his own pocket and turning off him to whom the avails belonged something in the way of trade. But be not too hasty in judging of this man. Undoubtedly he has yet some good qualities. One we will mention. He has some *sense* of honor. That is, he is desirous of receiving it from his fellow men, and he often felt injured when he did not receive it, and sometimes complained of the ill he received in return for his own generous deeds. Thus, when at the close of the singing school, hinted at above, he was *not* chosen chorister of the choir of the First Congregational church in the town of Sykesville, he—a perfect representation of unappreciated merit—very sanctimoniously seated his family below on the next Sabbath morning, declaring that it was sacrilegious to have such a mean man as the newly elected chorister lead in any kind of devotional exercises whatever.

This man has a peculiar way of appearing serious. Not that kind of seriousness that is the legitimate result of genuine piety and love to God, but an assumed and mechanical seriousness, as though he had some devilish scheme in contemplation and feared lest in some unguarded moment he should betray himself. Indeed he reminds us of the little child, who, after the minister had finished his morning call and departed, lisped to its mother, “Ma, was that Dod?” We would not intimate that the mean man bears the slightest resemblance to the Supreme Being, farthest from it possible; but you know it is natural for us to think of opposites, as, when one thinks of the place of the greatest misery—Hell,—he is almost instantly reminded of the place of the greatest happiness—Heaven—and when one sees a devil he thinks of the great Supreme. This did not of course lead the child to make the inquiry of its mother, but it applies to us when we see the real

mean man. If he meditates any unusually mean scheme, he betakes himself to the prayer-meeting with unwonted ardor, thinking, no doubt, in this way to throw off suspicion and to make up in this way what he is about to loose in another, and more than all this, "to get courage to do some new mean thing."

He thinks "consistency is indeed, a jewel," but he does not mind writing documents the farthest removed from a religious nature on the Sabbath, and requests people to call in the evening of the Holy day on business. His nature manifests itself in his physical frame. In fact Dame Nature seems to have acted wisely and in many respects economically. Thinking it a useless waste of material to grant him the usual physical proportions, and that the *summum bonum* is to be attained by harmonizing all parts, she very wisely bestowed a body upon him that compared, in some measure with his diminutive soul, while the littleness of the soul itself beggars all description. The mean man is almost by compulsion a nomad. At all events he finds it expedient and profitable to move from place to place once in five or six years, the mass of the people shunning him by that time on the same principle precisely that "a burnt child fears the fire."

To do away with all figures of rhetoric, the mean man is really heartless and soulless. His nature is not susceptible of being actuated by one noble motive. He never extends the real hand of sympathy. He can look upon woman's tears and listen to woman's pleadings, unwrought upon and unmoved as the adamant rock. Should he meet you with the warm hand and pleasant words, they are as the soft fannings of the Vampire, lulling its victim to sleep the more easily to suck his blood.

He is an anomaly among the human race, yet there are some scattered over the face of the earth. They are found here and there in every profession and calling, and cause the principal part of the mischief and trouble in society. Sometime when we have amassed a fortune, we think of carrying out the enterprise of buying the right of all the inhabitants of some lone isle of the Pacific, and there planting a colony of this class alone. Thus we should expect to merit the lasting praises of the Christian world, and to be the means of presenting a new phase of society to the gaze of coming ages—a new and novel subject for the study of the philosopher.

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER.*

It is not often that the pages of the *Ich nolite* are devoted to the notices of new books. As a usual thing, articles which have more direct reference to College life and labor receive the preference. But, in Dr. Holland's new book we have something out of the usual course, and it is a work which, for several reasons, seems to demand some attention. It is truly, as it professes to be, an American story; we might say it is intensely American. And besides, Dr. Holland is a man living near us and who has excited the admiration of every one by the manner in which he has raised himself from the people and taken a place among the first of living American authors. If we mistake not, too, the scene of the story is nearer to us than New Hampshire. Dr. Holland was born and bred among the hills of Massachusetts, and many of the incidents of the book give internal evidence of being at least founded on fact. Dr. Gilbert is a portrait, Hucklebury Run has an actual existence, and its proprietor Ruggles, is not a myth. We have seen them all. But the one thing, which more than all else, makes the book of interest to us as students, is the moral derived from the parallel drawn between the different cultures of Arthur Blague and Fred Gilbert. The latter takes the valedictory at College and settles down into a common-place man in a country village. The former spends the years of opening manhood in the care of a sick brother, and graduates a city pastor, marries a "literary woman" and at once wields a mighty influence.

The story throughout is told in the author's best vein. The witty passages are witty and true to life, and there are passages of deep pathos and true soul-earnestness, such as never fail to draw the heart of the reader to that of the author, and for which the works of Dr. Holland are always noticeable. The little episode of the Crampton light infantry is charmingly told, though the lesson inculcated in it is a sad one. Thank heaven, people are beginning to see that God knew what he was doing when he made children, and that he did not intend them to be forced by

* *Miss Gilbert's Career*: An American Story. By J. G. HOLLAND, Author of "the Bay Path," "Bitter Sweet," "the Titcomb Letters," "Gold Foil," etc. 1 vol. pp. 476. New York: Charles Scribner.

any hot house process into premature men and women. The portraits of the different clergymen who attend the Crampton exhibition are also capitally drawn. To some people it seems almost sacrilegious to say anything about ministers, either personally or in the abstract. But as long as they are so far from perfection we see no reason why their idiosyncrasies should be treated more leniently than those of other people.

But we cannot linger in the minor details of the story. The imperious Miss Gilbert, the heroine, demands our attention. It is well the author has told us who the heroine of the tale is, for we should else be in doubt. While we talk with Miss Gilbert, bask in the radiance of her beauty and listen to her piquant conversation, we are thinking all the time of some one else; our eyes are wandering elsewhere and resting on the pale face of the village school teacher. Miss Gilbert is a brilliant woman, a woman fitted to shine in society. But she is not an example by any means of the highest womanly type. Miss Hammett, afterward Miss Kilgore, expresses by far the higher ideal. If Dr. Holland introduced Miss Kilgore as a foil for Miss Gilbert, he has overshot his mark; the former is the principal and the latter is the foil; with all her brilliancy we cannot forbear saying "blue stocking" to the latter, while the other excites the lasting emotions of respect and love. Men do not love women like Fanny Gilbert, at least not till they change, and become womanly, as Fanny afterwards did. But no wonder the youthful Arthur and the bustling Doctor both fell in love with Mary Kilgore. It was as natural for them as to breathe and they did so simply because they could not help it. Women sometimes love men for their great intellectual qualities and superior powers of mind; men love women for these qualities, never. It is true both in theory and fact, that men do and must love for love's sake. The heart of a poet never dictated truer lines than the following:—

"She never in her whole life wrote one stanza,
She knew no Greek, no Latin, scarcely French :
She played not, danced not, sang not, yet when Death
His arms about her threw, to tear her from me,
I would have ransomed her, not Orpheus-like,
With mine own song alone. but with all song,
Music and dance. philosophy and learning,
Here ever, or to be here, in the world."

Men always have loved and always will love women for their womanly and homely qualities, not for the artificial acquirements of the boarding school, or even the natural endowments of genius. We cannot resist the impression that Fanny Gilbert was intended as the representative of what a class of women really are, while Mary Kilgore embodies the author's conception of a true woman:

“ A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.”

We have been led, almost unwittingly, to say this much about the heroine of this story. A short review of the “career” of Fred Gilbert may be of more immediate interest to a College student. The moral intended to be drawn from this character is, that Colleges are a humbug, and a liberal education is worse than useless. Dr. Holland has left Miss Gilbert in the full tide of her “career” and turned aside to “have a dab” at Colleges. Perhaps this was to be expected. Self-educated men are always conceited and take every opportunity to stick themselves up and pull other people down. We have noticed a disposition to sneer at the culture of the schools in other works of this author, but nowhere is the inference so evident. From the given premise we can draw but one conclusion, and that conclusion, we have no hesitation in saying, is a false one.

The story is very plausible and is well related. Fred Gilbert goes to College, takes the valedictory, and breaks down. Here is nothing strained, such instances have really happened. Arthur Blague spends some of the best years of his youth in the debasing society at Hucklebury Run, passes the time of dawning manhood in the care of a crippled brother, and comes out an intellectual giant, calm, collected, self-confident and strong. Such an instance *may* occur, but it is very rare. In fact, both these cases are examples of the exception and not the rule. But let the author himself speak his sentiments on the value of the different kinds of discipline :

"Dr. Gilbert looked on and listened in wonder. In Arthur Blague, he apprehended a mind, bubbling and brimming with wealth. In his pet child—the brilliant Collegian—he saw nothing but an intellectual stripling, entirely overshadowed by the robust nature, and varied culture, and demonstrative powers of the home-grown man. One had become an intellectual pigmy on his advantages; the other, an intellectual giant on his disadvantages."

This is no chance sentence. Without doubt it expresses the true sentiments of the author, and shows just how much he considers a College education worth. When a man writes a story he writes it to be read, and he has a right to dress up his characters to suit himself. It is by no means necessary that all the incidents be facts, or even such as might occur in real life. If the story is only plausible, that is sufficient as far as the story itself is concerned, and no one cares for the truth or untruth of the statements, knowing that no deception is intended. But this is avowedly a novel with a moral, and if the moral is to be worth anything it must be drawn from facts, not merely isolated, but general facts. In the work before us, the required facts are not given and the moral is worthless. A false premise is given to start with and the conclusion must necessarily be false, false in theory and in example.

The character of Arthur Blague is far-fetched and unnatural. It is impossible for any one, placed in such a position, to gain the intellectual culture which he is represented as obtaining. It all sounds very fine in a story, but when we look at the facts of real life we can find no parallel. Intellectual giants do not spring up from the retirement of the sick chamber, all armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. Pastors who can delight and hold a cultivated audience alike with their learning, their eloquence and their piety, do not graduate from the Hucklebury Runs of New England, but they do come, Dr. Holland to the contrary notwithstanding, from the severe discipline of our Colleges and Theological Seminaries. Of the discipline of the heart acquired by Arthur Blague we have nothing to say. Adversity sometimes sanctifies, sometimes hardens the heart. Which is the more frequent result, go to our jails and alms-houses and inquire. Go to the haunts of vice and the dens of pollution, where nine out of every ten of the wretched inmates were once innocent and happy, loved and loving, and ask what brought them there.

We are heartily sick of all this twaddle, so common among some classes, about the worthlessness of College discipline. It is insipid enough when confined to private coteries, but when such opinions are insidiously interwoven into the current literature of the day, it demands some attention. It is true that some students, who have toiled hard and perhaps taken the valedictory, have worn themselves out, and the fruit of after years has borne no proportion to the blossoms of youth. But this is the exception and not the rule. To-day, as well as in times past, all the learned professions are filled with College educated men, who ever refer to their College days with love and thankfulness. We need cite no examples, for an uncounted number are familiar to every one. And so it will continue to be. Our statesmen, our lawyers, our ministers, will still, as they have in time past, draw inspiration and gain their scholastic culture in the halls of the university. Now and then some bright particular star will arise and shine, in the brightness of his own genius, without the borrowed light of ancient and modern lore; but even here it is yet to be proved that College discipline would not give a brighter radiance to the light of genius.

We honor Dr. Holland as a true iconoclast, a worshiper at the shrine of the real and true rather than the seeming. But like every one else he is liable to mistaken opinions, and he has failed of the truth in his estimate of Colleges and College culture. In the work before us he has given imaginary facts, and, reasoning *a posteriori*, has attempted to found thereon a living principle. No wonder that he has failed. Principles are eternal and unchangeable, and it is a law of man's nature that his powers must be cultivated and disciplined, or else lie dormant and useless. Colleges and Seminaries were founded to meet this want, and until the nature of man is changed, the necessity for College education will not be removed. And notwithstanding isolated facts may sometimes seem to prove the contrary, the experience of the past and the demands to the present will continue to show the value of scholastic discipline.

FOR THE UNKNOWN.

THERE'S a hand that is waiting,
At the Hymeneal shrine;
And a heart that is beating,
All in unison with mine.

But I know them neither now,
Yet, my future love confessing,
I would crave with prayer and vow,
On that hand—that heart, a blessing.

ANIMAL SUFFERING.

ARE the lower animals as susceptible to pain as we are? This is a question of considerable interest, both in a scientific, and in a benevolent point of view.

Those who have been taught from their earliest years to abhor cruelty, and to pity suffering wherever it exists, come very naturally to measure the distress of an insect even, by what would be their own experience in like circumstances, and shudder at the sight of a fly impaled by a mischievous boy, as at the thought of a man thrust through with a spear.

Could such be satisfied that their impressions are not fully warranted, and that many animals are susceptible to pain only in a slight degree, they would certainly not be inclined thereby to excuse or extenuate the sin of cruelty, but would rather rejoice in the assurance that the animal kingdom is not so subject to suffering as they had supposed. It is quite possible that we may have overestimated considerably the amount of pain actually suffered by the lower orders of animal life.

We find in ourselves a nervous system keenly alive to sensations of pain as well as of pleasure, and we at once conclude that the same is true of the nervous system everywhere. But the fact that every animal has its system of nerves, though proving a capacity to suffer, by no means determines the degree of suffering, since the function of an organ is no clue to the intensity of its action. We cannot then determine the absolute amount of animal suffering, unless we start with the assumption that our experience as animal, is a sure index of all animal experience. And such assumption at least has no probability in its favor. On the contrary, we can hardly avoid the notion that sensitiveness to both pain and pleasure, increases in passing upwards through the different grades of animal life, till it reaches its culmination in man. We may however determine the relative amount of suffering in a given case, by observing how far it neutralizes pleasure or the gratification of appetite.

The sensations of pain and pleasure are antagonistic. The existence of the one is the destruction of the other. Applying this principle then in our investigation, if we observe an animal in the enjoyment of some pleasure, the gratification of appetite for instance, in circumstances where suffering would seem to be inevitable, we must conclude the pleasure to be much greater than ours would be under like circumstances, or the pain much less. A case precisely in point, was related to me a short time since, by one whose testimony can be implicitly relied on. He had broken into a nest of ants, and seeing a grasshopper and a cricket near by, he threw them into the midst of the enraged insects, and watched the result. The grasshopper soon finding himself grievously assailed, beat a retreat and put himself out of the way of attack. But the cricket finding here a rare chance to replenish his stomach, very leisurely commenced devouring his assailants, while they in turn busied themselves with gnawing off his legs; occasionally he would twitch a little as if from a slight twinge of pain, but nothing could separate him from his pleasurable meal, till he was completely disabled and thus made a helpless victim. He worked too leisurely and quietly to allow the supposition that he was fighting for life, or satisfying the fierce cravings of hunger. To all appearance the pleasure of eating overbalanced the pain of being eaten. Cases of a similar character are quite numerous. A mule whose legs had been crushed by the cars, was found soon after by the roadside quietly eating grass within its reach. Pigs will bear considerable torture rather than forego their accustomed meal. Vex them at the trough and though they squeal with pain, they will continue to eat.

The ox will endure quite a drubbing rather than leave a tempting bite of clover. Gnats and mosquitoes will often continue to suck blood regardless of the hand which descends to crush them. A careful examination might perhaps reveal facts in the sports of animals of the same nature, though not so conspicuous, since the gratification of appetite is the main source of pleasure in animal life. But the facts already given may be sufficient to open the way for inquiry, which is all that is now attempted. We will inquire then into the causes or occasions of suffering, and the ends to be subserved by it, and see whether these causes and ends are the same in man, and in the lower animals.

All physical suffering must be occasioned by disease or by violence; that is, either by derangement in the organic functions themselves or injury to the organs from something without. The most fruitful source of pain in man, is disease; and even when the suffering is from influences without, it is often greatly intensified by the influence of disease. Thus the pain of a fractured limb, or a wounded muscle, may be almost insupportable to a man whose nerves are exasperated by disease, but quite moderate to a man of sound health. But disease so far as we know, is almost exclusively confined to man and the domesticated animals.

Nature unsubdued by man wears the bloom of health. The sufferings then of the lower animals come mainly from changes in temperature, hunger, the decays of age, and the pangs of violent death. Of these hunger is the most distressing, since it is not only the absence of appetitive enjoyment, but also the fierce clamoring of the members for what they must have or die. This Nature has most carefully provided against, preferring to let the animal tribes prey upon and devour one another, rather than permit them to starve. The decay of age like starvation is to a great degree forestalled by violent death.

And the change of temperature apparently gives the lower animals much less inconvenience than man, since they are rarely injured by it, while man notwithstanding his precaution, is often subjected by it to disease. It is evident then that whatever may be the sensitiveness of the lower animals, their sufferings in the aggregate must be much less than ours.

But if we consider the object of suffering, we shall find in it a strong presumption at least, that no animal is so sensitive as man. The very idea of a sensitive being includes the notion of capacity either for enjoyment or suffering; each serving to enhance the effect of the other, as light and dark shades relieve each other in a picture. And as man has the highest capacity for enjoyment, we might reasonably expect that he would have the highest capacity for suffering also; and not only so, but it would seem that man as animal, hardly receives his full share of enjoyment; his pleasures being in great measure put over into his rational nature, while animal suffering is permitted to rage with intensity in its own appropriate sphere. Again the capacity for suffering is a necessary

means of self-preservation. The organized being must be apprized of the approach or contact of things which would derange or destroy its organization. And if the information were by an agreeable sensation, all motive for self-preservation would be lost. We should expect then that sensation would be more or less acute according to the value of the life to be preserved, that the higher order of being would possess the finer sensibility, that the structure most complicated, and therefore most exposed, would be best furnished with the means of protection.

If such be the case, man must possess a sensibility as far exceeding that of any other animal, as his exposure is greater, his organization more perfect, and his life more valuable. This conclusion is evidently favored by the analogy of our own bodies. For we do not find our bodies alike sensitive in every part, but those parts which are particularly delicate or important are especially sensitive, while other parts are comparatively destitute of feeling.

And this conclusion is not militated against by the universal fear, since this is no proof of great capacity for suffering, but only an additional precaution which nature takes for the preservation of life. An animal must be put on its guard against its enemy before it has actually been hurt, or else escape, or defense may then be too late. The hare when caught, trembles not for fear of being hurt, since it may never have known any pain, but from an undefined apprehension of evil, an instinctive shrinking from that which may terminate its life. The instinct of fear is an entirely different thing from the prudence which comes from experience.

The lower animals must suffer less than we do, if it be true as some have supposed that they have no power of connecting the experiences of successive instants into one whole experience. Many of our most intolerable sufferings could be borne very easily for a second; it is the fact that we have borne them many seconds past, and are likely to for many seconds to come, which makes them so insupportable. It is quite possible that the lower animals thus live in the experience of the present moment only. E. H.

THE REASON WHY.

SHOULD you ask the reason why
While youth and maidens linger long
The griefs and joys of life among,
And even age seems hale and strong,
Little children oftener die.

Angels sent from heaven are they,
To gain our hearts and win our love;
This done, they may not longer rove,
But pointing us to things above,
Home again they fly away.

ACCURATE SCHOLARSHIP.

THESE times, and emphatically, this country, are utilitarian. Knowledge which should be sought for its own sake is sought with the view of obtaining something by it. We are asked what is the use of the Latin and the Greek we are studying. To what practical purpose can we turn our knowledge of Algebra and Conic Sections. Now when these questions are put to the student he is ready to argue their utility. But if we might judge from the constant course of remark *within* the College walls, we should inevitably conclude that the mass of our students, according to their own conviction, were *enduring tasks*, not *receiving culture*, *wasting time*, not *augmenting their power*. Such is the state of most of our minds that "Kai Gar is a bore," in no merely poetical and jocose sense, but in reality. The sad refrain has often been sung to the tune of our discontent. Research in "Archæology," we decry, almost to a man, as wanting in that element of "practical utility" so requisite according to the test of our minds. The method of discipline proposed to us, is too plodding for the restlessness of the Yankee spirit, and it is too often the case that all that patient, persevering investigation, which alone gives true scholarly strength, is ignored among us. With the Yankee, a cobbler, is on the whole, though other things be *not* quite equal, preferred for a *statesman*, and it is held as a paramount excellence in a *presidential candidate*, that he is the best rail-splitter in his county, his state, or perchance the nation. While the *truth* is, that just so far as he is a better rail-splitter than other men, just so much of a presumption is there, that his mind cannot be better stocked than others with the knowledge of a statesman, on account of the great requisition there must have been upon any man's time to have made himself a rail-splitter *par excellence*. Now we believe that it is the prerogative of the student, and of every cultured mind, to rise above the demands of mere utility. The *so called* "practical" spirit when analyzed is found to be essentially groveling. *What we want*, as students, is a love of *patient, accurate* and *wide* investigation. We need to rise above utility—and

assist to create a sentiment in the world favorable to the highest culture. That patience is requisite to a good measure of success in anything, is regarded an axiom. That accuracy is a virtue in the ethics of scholarship, should be equally apparent. Not that it is well to engage in fierce disputes *de umbra asini*; but it will at once be admitted that minute researches often lead to the grandest results, and the study of their connections, to the highest philosophy. The records of Antiquarian Club-Books, as incorporated into historical writing, have been too much our benefactors, to be treated with indifference. The information elicited from them is both curious and instructive. Facts of small value in themselves in the hands of those who know how to use them, often become of great importance. Says an English writer, "the coins of 'Ariana Antiqua' have enabled Prinsep, Lassen, and Wilson, to retrieve whole dynasties of Bactrian sovereigns; and, in our own country, the arrow-head of flint, the brazen celt, the steel spear-head, and the chased helmet, tell their respective stories of different states of civilization, and furnish their quota to the philosophic historian." It is in this field of antiquarian research that Major Rawlinson has successfully evoked Darius, Nebuchadnezzar, and Sennacherib, and has furnished another glorious confirmation of the historic value of the Hebrew scriptures. The gipsies, by a critical examination of their language have been proved beyond question to have emigrated from the banks of the Indus. The brilliant discoveries of Cuvier and Buckland were made by comparing unsightly fragments of bone, which had lain in the earth for centuries. What is the use of collecting these, is a question that might have been asked, and plausibly too, *a century ago*. "But such being the workmanship of God, as he doth hang the greatest weight upon the smallest wires," *ma ima, e minimis suspendens*; therefore it is, that we need the steady habit of accuracy to perceive the connections of things, and only in this way will nature, or our own minds, respond to our inquiries. It is far easier to guess than to explore, and hence, the inevitable tendency to carelessness, and the destitution of certain knowledge in the stores of our minds. A habit of accurate examination and thought upon each topic, is sure to banish that sort of generalness and vagueness, which makes extempore elucidations of metaphysics, and mystical statements of the truths of mathematics or language in the recitation room,—

which though so often highly legendary in their character, are yet doubtless, in the highest degree interesting to the professors in these departments.

He who declaims against the value of a set course of study need not claim to be a genius, and no man need fear the appellation of "dig." Daniel Webster, as he himself says, was "only a hard-working, drudging civilian" — the expanded synonym of "dig." While on the other hand, he who holds College honors need never sneer at the so called "literary man," for he *may* be every whit as accurate as himself, and just as worthy the name of scholar. True scholarship is liberal, and its fields are wide. Accurate and refined literary taste cannot exist without high scholastic attainments, nor broad scholarship without cultured *literary taste*.

COLLEGIANA.

OUR record of current events must necessarily be brief in the present number. Most of the time since our last issue has been vacation, the transactions of which time must not be laid open to the public gaze. At the beginning of the present term the time of morning prayers was changed and devotions are now held after breakfast. With this exception things move on as usual.

The Senior Class near the close of the last term held an election for the choice of Orator, Poet and Prophet, for the exercises of class day. The result, after a somewhat exciting campaign was as follows:—

- Orator.....JOHN DOLE.
Poet.....E. PORTER DYER, JR.
Prophet.....JOSEPH A. LEACH.

The usual fall exhibition of Social Union came off at the close of the term, and was a decided success in every particular. The following is the programme:—

Music.

ORATIONS.

1. Shelley,—George F. Merriam, Amherst. 2. Theodore Parker,—J. Herbert Evans, Thurman, O. 3. Poem—Elijah on Horeb,—M. Porter Snell, North Brookfield.

Music.

4. Self-Culture,—Charles G. G. Paine, Royalston. 5. Garibaldi,—B. Franklin Hamilton, Chester Factories.

Music.

COLLOQUY.

“CUI BONO?” OR THE SOCRATIC CONVENTION.

By E. Porter Dyer, Jr. and Chas. H. Sweetser.

Dramatis Personæ.—Socrates, Elijah Harmon; Epicurus, James Lewis; Diogenes, the Cynic, Freeman Lathrop; Jonathan J. Crookneck, E. Porter Dyer, Jr. *Yankee Farmer, Inventor, &c.*—Esquire Hobson, Charles H. Sweetser. *Attorney at Law.*—Parson Rap-Up, C. T. Haynes. *Millerite and Spiritualist.*—Dr. Similibus, A. R. Dennison. *Homœopathist.*—Dr. Biceps, George Macomber. *Prof. of Phys. Cult., Self-Defence, &c.*—Prof Bump, M. F. Dickinson. *Phrenologist.*—Raphael Daub, Samuel C. Vance. *Photographic Artist.*—Attendants, Dutch Pathetic Band, &c. Music by the College Orchestra between the scenes.

Music.

We take the extremest pleasure in chronicling the birth of another son of Amherst, under the auspices of Instructor Mather. The Ichnolite would bring its tribute of honor to the young Greek, and a score of congratulations to the delighted parents, while our blessing would be a part of that which Hector invoked upon his boy, as recorded by Homer, *Iliad VI.*, 476—481.

A furnace has recently been placed in the basement of the Gymnasium, for the benefit of the thermometer that should be there. This will be quite an improvement upon the cold comfort of icy dumb-bells and frozen atmosphere.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

VACATION, that oasis in the desert, that time of hand-claspings and heart-greetings, that season of smiles and kisses and home-talks, that period of evening calls and late rising o'mornings, is passed and the term has commenced. We are aware it is rather late to indulge in holiday greetings, but our heart is full and we must wish our readers a HAPPY NEW YEAR. We have done our best to prove that our good intentions do not end in "wishes," and we offer this number of the *Ichnolite*, tremblingly it is true, but also confidently, feeling that we have done what we could to make it acceptable, and trusting the criticisms will be lenient, not because there is not need enough of criticism, but because we have firm faith in that student-good-nature which is always at its high at the close of vacation and the beginning of the term.——

IMPORTANT changes have been made in the routine of college life the present term. Morning prayers, instead of the first thing in the morning now come after breakfast. The reasons of this change are not obvious. If it is for the convenience of the Faculty we have nothing to say; if it is for the welfare of the students, we think it is a mistaken movement. Under the old regime there was half an hour for study after breakfast, before the first recitation, and we are not alone in thinking that half-hour the most valuable portion of the day. Now, all morning study must be before breakfast or during prayer-time, both of which practices are about equally demoralizing. We have often felt the need of some better apportionment of time in college, some division which would leave less odd half hours between recitations, and which are next to worthless to all students and must be totally so to those who do not room in the college buildings. We cannot but express our opinion that with the present arrangement, this evil will be greater than before. We have taken some pains to be informed as to the sentiments of the college on this point and we meet with but one opinion, which is decidedly against this change. We trust this arrangement is only for the present, and that at the beginning of the next term, if not sooner, the old college bell will ring out again cheerily in the gray dawn of the morning, awakening those who are not already aroused by the singing of the birds, and summoning all to morning devotions as the first exercise of the day.——

SPEAKING of morning prayers our thoughts naturally revert to evening. In some of our colleges evening prayers have been abolished entirely and we frequently hear students wishing for a similar change here. To us there is something very pleasant connected with this exercise and we would not see it done away with. In the morning the exercises appear more hurried, and most are not in a fit frame of mind for worship. But at evening it is different. The labors of the day are done, and as the sun goes down in a sea of golden clouds, all, even the most worldly, can lay aside their cares and enjoy a season of worship. The one feature which more than all else, makes the hour of evening prayers an hour of hallowed association is the singing. The good old tunes never sound half so melodious as when sung in chorus by two hundred student-voices at evening prayers. The singing may not be the most artistic, the time may not be exact, nor every voice in perfect tune; yet there is a hearty earnestness about it which more than

supplies all deficiencies. If there is any time when a college student gives way to gentler emotions and feels that he is not totally hardened by ambition or dissipation; if he ever longs for something higher, and purer, and better than his present life affords; if he is ever visited by visions of home-faces and home-voices; if his eye ever moistens at the remembrance of a mother's last clasp of the hand or last kiss of love on his brow, it is at evening prayers, as the last note of the evening hymn dies away, and the deep stillness is unbroken save by the voice of the speaker invoking the divine blessing. Those colleges which have abolished this time-hallowed custom have thrown away one of their most sanctifying influences. We trust that Amherst will ever lead the van in all real improvements, but we also hope she will be slow to neglect any of those means of influence which have received the approving sanction of time.——We have spoken of the singing at evening prayers already, but we have a few words more to say on this subject of music. We are of that number who believe that "there is more worship in an organ pipe than in many a man's soul." Thomas De Quincey when he went to Oxford was influenced to choose Christ Church college, by the fact of its having a fine organ and a full church service. If there was a college in America where music received the attention which it deserves, we apprehend there are many who would be influenced by this fact in making their selection of a place where to spend four years of college life. The culture of the ancient Greeks embraced gymnastics and music as well as philosophy. Our Alma Mater has taken the lead in establishing a professorship of "muscular christianity," and why will she not follow up this "movement in the right direction," and establish a department of musical christianity also, get a new organ, and let us at least hear music which is worthy of the name. In making these remarks we do not undervalue in the least the efforts of the college choir. We know it is somewhat in the fashion to sneer at that "institution;" we wonder they perform as well as they do. The position they occupy is a peculiarly trying one, and their efforts deserve the highest commendation. All the time for practice must come at odd spells when there is nothing else to interfere and must necessarily be brief. It ought not to be expected that amateur performers can rival professional artists, and until a musical department is established here we have no right to expect even as good music as we have. Will the college fathers think of these things?——THE beginning of the year and the commencement of the term are famous periods for forming new and good resolutions, most of which, we suspect, come to an untimely end. They are

"Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore."

Only a few days since we heard a friend boasting that he was an iconoclast, and had taken in a stock of new resolutions at the beginning of the new year that he might have something to break. O fortunate puer! Few of us have any occasion to make resolutions with the avowed purpose of breaking them; they are broken fast enough even if we intend to do otherwise. Still we say make resolutions and do your best to keep them. He who never forms a good resolve will never do a noble deed or gain a single victory over himself. Many good resolutions were formed at the beginning of this year; on the graves of some of them the next snow will fall, forming a fitting shroud; others will die when the spring flowers are blooming, and some will be nipped

by the first white frost or fall with the autumn leaves. But how many will live to see another new year? God grant that some of them may and that they may bring forth precious fruit.—TAKING up one of the prominent magazines of the day a short time since, and glancing our eye over a collection of quaint epitaphs, we were struck with the following:

After life's scarlet fever
I sleep well.

Whether this is entirely original, or whether it is Shakspeare with "variations," we know not. But "'tis ower true" that life is a scarlet fever, a fever whose raging thirst no gushing fount of earth can ever allay, neither wealth, nor power, nor rank. Happy they, who after such a fever can "sleep well," "the sleep that knows no waking."——STRANGE, that in our religion, as well as in our worldly matters, we should be so fond of glitter, and that sermons with high sounding periods and abundant quotations should be so popular. We would not abolish all the outward forms of religion for they are the means by which we show the true adoration of the heart. But this heartless, intellectual religion, all words, and forms, and doctrines, and arguments, is poor food for the soul. Strange, what some people call a 'good sermon. We lately heard a young divine just blossomed from the seminary, preach as a candidate. The sermon commenced with a quotation from Dean Trench; then came that rare extract from Shakspeare, about "stones," and "sermons," and "running brooks" and "sich," followed by a long extract condensed from Hickok, about the self-activity of mind; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" furnished the next illustration, followed by a few "original remarks" from the bible, and—that was all. Not one word was uttered to show that the speaker had a soul yearning for the salvation of fallen humanity, a heart brimming with love for his brother, even though that brother had sinned. But the influential men liked him. Every-day sins were not meddled with, the way to heaven was made smooth and gilded, and we learn he is to be settled. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."——WE have taught school in our day and may perhaps again. Once when we entered the 16x20 foot building which was to be the scene of our winter's labors, and commenced taking the names of our new charge, we stopped by a bright looking little boy and in our softest accents—we had a cold—inquired his name. The boy was mute; his mouth twitched convulsively, and his eyes rolled around like the planets in an orrery. At last he contrived to say "I can't think." Just here is where many an older student fails. He has the knowledge safely in his head and there it remains; he never can use it, for he "can't think." Those who can and do think are the men we need; the world has but little use for the "learned dullness" of the others.——OUR friend, a most genial optimist who boards at the same table with us, has made a discovery; he has found a better place than home. We remarked to him at the close of the term, "you will be at home to-night." His eyes sparkled as he replied, "I shall be in a better place than home." We have tried to find out where this place is, but he remains persistently silent every time the subject is introduced, though we have some hopes of coaxing it out of him yet. We tremble for the fame of J. Howard Payne who sung so tenderly of "home, sweet home." But if it is true that there is a better place, our friend's fortune is made. We shall expect to see him soon "clothed in pur-

ple and fine linen" with the freedom of the world in a gold box. Well, we rejoice at his good luck, *but*, in a few years he may judge differently and endorse Payne after all. Then what.——TENNYSON'S poems always have the genuine soul-stamp. This is beautiful:

" As through the land at eve we went
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears."

Loving friends sometimes fall out by the way and kiss again with tears. And sometimes too, the kiss of reconciliation never comes. There is nothing sadder in the world than the estrangement of friends who have grown to each other. And how slight the cause that sometimes separates them. Would that always parted friends might meet over the grave of some buried memory and kiss again with tears.——SOME people get things strangely mixed up. A lazy senior who had "cut" a recitation in Moral Science, was told by the professor that he might recite the lesson privately if he wished; but he, the careless fellow, declined as follows:—"Hickok, Haeckok, Hockock," &c.——THE cosmopolitan character of the present number of the magazine is a source of congratulation. Its table of contents embraces contributions from every class in college, and every student should feel that it is his magazine and he has an interest in it. Students sometimes complain of the dullness and stupidity of the *Ichnolite*. But whose fault is it. One man cannot make a magazine, neither can five, and you who make this complaint are to blame in this matter equally with others. You ought to help sustain it but you do nothing. Please remember, when next you are tempted to make sneering remarks about the magazine, that you are traducing yourself and unblushingly glorying in your own shame. No man who has ever written an article for the magazine is ever found slandering it. And why not all write. We earnestly wish we could have more unsolicited contributions. Is it because you have nothing to say to your fellow students that you are silent? Have you no earnest appeals to make, no words of kindly criticism to offer, no useful hints to give, no loving sympathy to express? If you have anything to say what better medium than the *Ichnolite*. May we not look for a speedy change for the better in this thing.——AND now with a cordial shake of the hand and an earnest God speed to you all, we must say good bye. To our contributors, who have done so much to make this number of the magazine readable, we return our hearty thanks. With joy we return to private life and resign the chair editorial to more worthy occupants who will hereafter spread a more tempting feast.

EXCHANGES.—We welcome to our list the new Union College Magazine. If it prosper according to its merits it will be abundantly successful. Our usual exchanges are received. Some are thoughtful and grave, some witty and racy, and all are readable.

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
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
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Anderson & Fuller, Toledo, O. "Ninety-two Webster to each copy of Worcester."

J. H. Baumgardner & Co., Wooster, O. Fifty, Webster ; "not any of Worcester."

W. B. Smith & Co., Cincinnati, O. One hundred, Webster ; three, Worcester.

George S. Blanchard, Cincinnati O. "Twenty-five Webster to one Worcester."

Bucher & Kachler, Massillon, O. "Twelve Webster to one Worcester, since Worcester appeared."

C. E. Glines, Marietta, O. "Twelve Webster to one Worcester, since the issue of Worcester."

Bailey & Noyes, Portland, Me. Ten Webster to one Worcester. "In fact, the sale of Worcester has nearly ceased."

A. S. Barnes & Burr, New York. Eight hundred and thirteen, Webster ; one hundred and ten, Worcester.

Sheldon & Co., New York. Five Webster to one Worcester.

A. C. Frissell, Amenia, N. Y. "Thirty or forty Webster's Pictorial, but none of Worcester."

Kinne & Smith, Ypsilanti, Mich. Thirty-two, Webster ; no Worcester.

J. L. Corse & Son, Burlington, Iowa. Fifty, Webster ; three, Worcester.

Putnam, Smith & Co., Detroit, Mich. Twenty-five Webster to one Worcester.

Bowen, Stewart & Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Fifteen Webster to one Worcester. Oct. 26, 1860.

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No counter-statements can be exhibited, dealing in *facts and figures*, that disprove the state of public opinion indicated by the above reports, which were made, excepting those from Indianapolis, during August and September, 1860.

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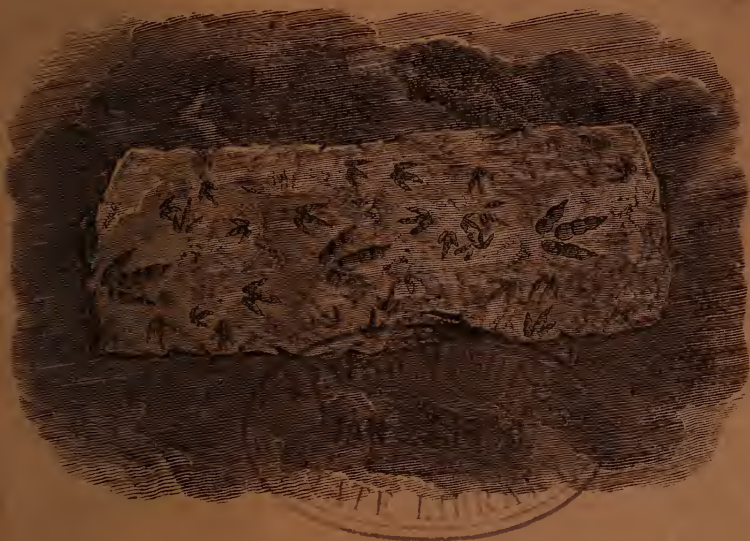
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"AND, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Scribimus indocti, doctique.—Hor.

MARCH, 1861.

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THE ICHNOLITE.

Vol. VIII. MARCH, 1861. No. 3.

Editors for '61.

JOHN DOLE,

ELIJAH HARMON,

WM. M. POMEROY,

JAMES LEWIS,

GEORGE F. MERRIAM.

MARSHFIELD AND MR. WEBSTER.

In natural resources, Marshfield takes no very high rank among her sister townships. Yet her scenery is diversified by hill and valley, and it belongs to that constellation of early settlements, around which is wreathed the laurel of a spreading fame. For it was the chosen home of the courteous Edward Winslow, the third signer of the immortal instrument subscribed in the cabin of the May Flower, Nov. 11, 1620,—the first compact perhaps that established the democratic principles, which lie at the foundation of our institutions,—of Josiah Winslow, the first native-born governor of the Old Colony, and of several descendants of the same, distinguished in our early annals for pre-eminent civil and military ability. The ancient estate of this family, was called Careswell, after a seat of their ancestors in England. The Careswell house of to-day is kept as an hotel for the accommodation of visitors to Green Harbor and vicinity. A portion of this old estate lately belonged to the lamented Webster, and upon this portion is still standing the “old Winslow house.”

The same township was also chosen as the residence of Resolved White, born in England about the time his parents *resolved* to emigrate to this country, and named their child accordingly,—of his brother Peregrine White, born in Cape Cod harbor, on board

the May Flower, in November, 1620, whose name was applied as suggestive of the *peregrinations* of that family, and who enjoyed the distinction of being the first native-born New-Englander, and the "auncient bearer" of the forces of Capt. Standish.

In the old records, an anecdote of the daughter of Capt. Gorham, of a Marshfield family, is preserved,—“John Thatcher, while on his return from Marshfield, to his home in Yarmouth, in 1661, with his bride Rebecca, daughter of Josiah Winslow, tarried for a night in Barnstable, at the house of Capt. Gorham. In the course of the merry conversation with the happy pair, an infant was introduced, and the night of her birth named. Mr. Thatcher observed that it was the night of their marriage; taking the child he presented it to his bride, saying, ‘Here, my dear, is a little lady, born on the night we were married; I wish you would kiss her, for I intend to make her my second wife.’ ‘I will,’ she replied, ‘to please you, hoping it may be long before your intention is fulfilled.’ Then taking the babe she affectionately kissed it and returned it to the nurse’s arms. This jesting prediction was eventually fulfilled.” “Mrs. Rebecca Thatcher deceased in the midst of her years, and Lydia Gorham became the second wife of John Thatcher, in 1684.”

In the “ancient
Burying hill” rest the remains of many of those, through whom,

“This hard won heritage is ours.”

The oldest stone of memorial, now fallen to fragments, is in memory of William Thomas, Esq. We will instance the inscription of only one stone, in memory of an early pastor.

HERE LYES YE ASHES
OF YE REVEREND, LEARNED
& PIOUS M^r EDWARD TOMPSON
PASTOR OF YE CHURCH OF
MARSHFIELD, WHO SUDDENLY
DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH
YE 16TH, 1705,
ANNO AETATIS SUAE 40

HERE IN A TYRANTS HAND DOES CAPTIVE LIE
A RARE SYNOPSIS OF DIVINITY
OLD PATRIARCHS, PROPHETS, GOSPEL BISHOPS MEET.
UNDER DEEP SILENCE IN THEIR WINDING SHEET;
HERE REST AWHILE IN HOPES AND FULL INTENT,
WHEN THEIR KING CALLS, TO MEET IN PARLIAMENT.

This place of sepulture is only less sacred than Burying hill at Plymouth. Like that, it holds the dust of many of the revered founders and patriotic defenders of our liberties, and though not so *lofty* an height, yet like that, it commands a view of Massachusetts Bay. More recently have been deposited within its precincts the honored relics of the eminent jurist, the profound statesmen, the patriotic Defender of the Constitution.

“ Why meet we here on this memorial hill ?
Where is the glory that here walks abroad ?
What gives to yonder ocean its deep thrill,—
To earth this silent worship of its Lord ?

By sacred feet this hill-top has been prest ;
The angels keep these sepulchres in view,
Here pilgrims worshiped and here pilgrims rest,
Sons of the Old World, fathers of the New.

Here sleeps the bride,—first of these deserts drear,
Ye daughters o’er the turf your garlands wave !
And White, New England’s first-born son, lies here,
Move slow, ye bands, around the patriarch’s grave !”

Let us now visit the spot a half mile to the South of our present position, to which for so many years he delighted to withdraw from pressing professional and high national responsibilities. This quiet mansion at Green Harbor, was the home of Daniel Webster, who made his first purchase at Marshfield, about the year 1830. It was formerly the estate of Nathaniel Ray Thomas, the Royalist, reserved unconfiscated, at the close of the Revolution, as a dower for the widow. This mansion house in 1774–5, was the quarters of a detachment of British troops, called the Queen’s Guards, under Capt. Balfour, which Gen. Gage had unnecessarily stationed there, at the request of the royalists. Of these troops, the flower of the British army, five only survived the battle of Bunker Hill. A venerable elm spreads its graceful branches over this now renovated mansion, to which, then a mere sapling, a deserter from these troops, was tied and whipped. Webster’s home lies in a valley nestled among green acres. A hedge of forest trees, planted by him, hides it from the road, which passes by on the South. The house is reached by a footpath and graveled carriage way, lined on either side by a row of trees. It

stands on a knoll of slight elevation, is unenclosed, and opens upon the green lawn. The grounds around were laid out and planned by his care. The garden on the East, filled with flowers and fruit trees, which is protected on the North from the effects of the cold winds that sweep over the marsh-lands from the sea—the little artificial wild forest still farther on, with its intricate winding paths—the geese and duck pond in the rear of the mansion—the trees scattered here and there—all evince the great owner's rural taste, and love of nature. The unobtrusive situation marks it as the place of his repose—while the surging sound of the sea throws a grandeur over the whole, and instinctively we acknowledge in it a type of his own mighty mind. While Webster *lived*, the hillsides around were clothed with crops, and the pastures filled with grazing herds of cattle of the finest stocks, while here and there, among the waving grass and corn-fields, the well filled barns and granaries denoted the agricultural taste and enterprise of the great Marshfield farmer. And if we may trust his own words, these holiday cares were among his most welcome pursuits. That he loved the people with whom he was thus connected appears from his last address made to a public assemblage. On July 24th, 1852, a cavalcade of young men and other citizens escorted Mr. Webster and the Hon. Seth Sprague of Duxbury, in a barouche drawn by six grey horses, from the railroad station at Kingston. In the course of his remarks on that occasion, and speaking of the twenty years he had spent among them, he says,—“Friends and neighbors, happy have these years been to me and mine, for, during all that period, I know not of one unkind thing done, or an unkind word spoken to me, or those that are near and dear to me. Gentlemen, I consider this a personal kindness, a tribute of individual regard. I have lived among you with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. I deem it a great piece of good fortune that, coming from the mountains, desirous of having a summer residence on the sea coast, I came where I did and when I did. Many, when they come down through these pine woods and over these sandy hills to see us, wonder what drew Mr. Webster to Marshfield. Why, gentlemen, I tell them it was partly good sense, but more good fortune. I had got a pleasant spot, I had lands about me diversified, my fortune was to fall into a kind neighborhood among men with whom I never had any difficulty, with whom I had entered into a sort of

a well understood covenant, that I would talk with them on farming and fishing and of neighborhood concerns, but I would never speak a word to them or they to me, on law or politics. They have kept their side of the bargain and I have kept mine."

The house itself is filled with objects of interest, to describe which, would require limits much less restricted than the present. The library, whose architectural proportions were planned by his daughter, seems the very home of high thought and refined literary taste. The ceiling is lined with books ancient and modern, belonging to the departments of legal, scientific, literary and theological learning, together with extensive series of reviews, both American and European, and ponderous tomes of state documents, and many rare and expensive works, among which, is the magnificent collection of the paintings of Audubon's birds of America. Several portraits adorn the walls—of Mr. Webster, Mrs. Webster, his son Major Edward Webster, who died in military service in Mexico, Lord Ashburton, etc. There is also a bust in marble of His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. Upon one of Mr. Webster's portraits is a cane and the hat worn by him in his last sporting excursion. The chamber where that great spirit burst its bonds overlooks the Winslow burial place, where all that is earthly of Daniel Webster now rests.

When you enter that chamber for the first time a feeling of awe creeps over you and fills you with solemnity. Here he watched for the hour of dissolution, and seemed, it is said, to summon every faculty of his soul to comprehend the mysterious change. Standing in that lone chamber, you recall some of his great efforts. You picture the scene in that most memorable of replies, and can fancy you listen to his deep, calm tones audibly saying, "when the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea," and mark it, as the terrific calm which precedes the burst of the thunders, as the clearing of the ship's deck preparatory to the terrible booming of the cannonade. With the impression left on your mind by the stillness of this death-chamber you repair again to the grounds to take a parting glance, and the thought at once intrudes itself upon you that the master mind is gone. You look again and see signs of decay, and many indications of the want of former care. Fences and hedges are unrepaired—weeds choke the garden plots—the freshness of everything seems waning. The law of decay has already begun

to stamp its impress on every thing around, and you turn from the scene sadder if not wiser than before. The inscription upon Mr. Webster's tomb, composed by himself, has all his own simplicity, while it impresses you with the native grandeur and vast scope of his mind. It is simply—

DANIEL WEBSTER,

Born, January 18, 1782.

Died October 24, 1852.

“Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.”

Philosophical

argument, especially

that drawn from the vastness of

the Universe, in comparison with the

apparent insignificance of this globe has some-

times shaken my reason for the faith which is in me ;

but my heart has always assured and re-assured me that the

Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a Divine Reality. The

Sermon on the Mount cannot be a mere human

production. This belief enters into the

very depths of my conscience.

The whole history of

man proves it.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ON the 28th of November, 1859, the brightest light of American literature went out at Sunny Side, upon the Hudson; but the golden twilight that lingers after so glorious a sun setting, will never fade. Washington Irving was born in New York, on the 3d of April, 1783, yet the overflowing metropolis of to-day is not the Manhattan of revolutionary times. New York's busiest marts of trade were then concealed in the sloping hills and widely spreading meadows reaching out upon either side to the waters of the divided Hudson. Church Spires pointing heavenward rise where stood the majestic trees of the primeval forest. The birth of a genius so full

of gentle peace itself, was heralded by the news of the treaty of the mother country with our own after seven long years of war and distraction.

The early life of Irving was fortunate in the examples of those noble sons of freedom who had fought bravely to the last, and would have offered their very life-blood upon the altar of their country's liberty, had the sacrifice been demanded. Their piety, rectitude and pure self-denial exerted a strong influence for good upon the young mind of Irving; and he like all others of those days looked upon those brave old warriors with a reverence which in classic times would have made them Demigods. George Washington once laid his hand upon his head, and blessed the boy who bore his name, though he little thought that the hand resting in confidence upon his knee would pen his own biography. This little act, forgotten in an hour by all save the lisping child, wrought a magic influence upon his youthful mind.

Every one knows the power of the rugged and lofty mountains, the grand old bulwarks of nature, the sacred groves and fountains, the beautiful vallies and the lakes, which Gôethe has called "the blue eyes of nature," and the ceaseless roar of Old Ocean in molding the Grecian intellect and shaping the bold yet fine outlines of Grecian character; and who cannot trace the vivid imagination, the calm and tranquil spirit, the melodious flow of words, which are the peculiar beauties of Irving's writings, back to their origin in the old mountains and fertile vallies, the broad rivers, the dark forests and groves, the skies fair as the "sunny skies of Italy," all so full of peace, romance and poetry, all shedding their kindly influence around and above his boyhood's home? The influence of all these surroundings of his early youth, was rendered more perfect and potent by his early manifested taste for travels and rambles, which brought him in closer communion with them all.

The favorite authors of his childhood were Addison and Goldsmith, Chaucer and Spencer, Cowper and Burns; and in his school hours there might be seen behind the books in which his tasks were assigned, old volumes of travels and voyages which chimed harmoniously with the key-note of his tastes and desires.

Leaving now his early life and the many scenes and circumstances which had a bearing upon this critical period of his

existence, let us pass on to speak briefly of one of his master works, *The Sketch Book*. From 1809 till 1819, the only droppings from his pen were a few biographical sketches found in the "*Analectic Magazine*." During this period the first and only idol of his heart's affection had passed away from earth, yet he always remained faithful to her memory, cherishing in his sorrowing heart a tender melancholy, which beclouded the sunshine of his early manhood, and is instilled into all the pages of the *Sketch Book*. This brooding sadness which creeps in stealthily and only allows a momentary glance, cannot conceal itself even from those who are most willing to forget its presence.

Most of the articles in the *Sketch Book* are such as awaken our deepest and most heartfelt emotions. "*The Broken Heart*;" "*The Widow and her Son*," the "*Rural Funerals*," and "*The Pride of the Village*," fill our eyes with tears and our hearts with sympathetic grief. Only the legends of "*Sleepy Hollow*," and "*Rip Van Winkle*," show the uncurbed roivings of his playful fancy. These take us back to the merry old "*Knickerbocker*" of days long before; yet who could wish the other articles of this work to be exchanged for youthful and sportive scenes? Who rises from these sad meditative trains of thought, without imbibing truer, nobler, views of life within and life without?

The influence of the *Sketch Book* upon the literature of that day was reviving indeed. It awoke to a new life the sluggish pen and mind of the few authors who were in the field, and gave a new impulse to literary works of all departments. Multitudes hitherto strangers to the Muses came to drink at the Pierian fount and went away filled with its choicest inspirations.

Before this time America had very little literature which could be called her own; but after the appearance of the "*Sketch Book*," the silent pen began to speak, and books and periodicals came pouring forth from the press in such a flood that to read a catalogue of their titles and subjects was almost an endless task. Essayists and novelists became numerous, nor was the fruit of their minds useless to Society.

The valueless writings of many of the authors of Louis XIV's time were urged into existence by the royal favor and patronage, and owed their utter worthlessness to this more than to any other cause; but the impulse given to writers of 1820, was that strong

and efficient stimulus which always flows from a healthy and honorable emulation, and thus there was a remarkable degree of talent and thought displayed in their writings. Washington Irving had written both as a novelist and essayist ; a humorist and a historian ; and all these knights of the pen found in him a worthy model. The number of our novelists immediately increased from one name to a whole catalogue. The writings of our divines began to overflow with the elegance and refinement of professed essayists. It was not till after 1819, that our great historians Bancroft and Prescott, commenced their literary labors. Bancroft still lives to pay his tribute of respect to Washington Irving, as his father and exemplar in Clio's art. Prescott passed away from earth two years before the death of Irving. It was since 1819, that our poets also became famous, and one of their number is now read and admired with Tennyson, beyond the sea. All these choice additions to our literature we owe to the "Sketch Book" and its influence upon its time.

Let us now pass to speak briefly of a few of the sketches. In the "English writers on America," Irving has nobly vindicated our country's cause, and though he has reproved our brothers over the waters, the reproof has been the gentlest of all chiding, and he has endeavored to accomplish his object by removing old feuds and prejudices rather than by entering upon any new strifes, though well able to sustain the American side in any such controversy. No other but his peaceful conciliatory spirit could have done half so much toward a reconciliation and better understanding between the two nations.

When Irving eulogizes the "rural life of Old England," we cannot accuse him of courting English favor ; the praises of the good and beautiful were always upon his lips, and when he found these elements so prominent in the quiet, peaceful country life of merry old England, he only gave to merit its due reward.

The "Broken Heart," we have already mentioned as a sketch of the lives of more than the cold world ever imagines. The sweet sadness of the story of Robert Emmet and Miss Curran, brings the tear to every eye. It was this sketch, I think, which so deeply affected Byron, and drew from him such heart-felt praise, when it was read to him in the last waning moments of his life.

"Sorrow for the Dead," in the "Rural Funerals," has been read and admired by every one; and who has not found the tears flow more willingly at the grave of buried love, because this beautiful advice of gentle warning has taught a better and a kinder life toward the living?

Old Christmas days and customs are given to us in that vein of humor and pleasantry peculiar to Irving, and nothing could be added to the truth or beauty of his narrative. In his visit to Stratford-on-Avon," so full of sacred memories, his whole soul seems to feel the holy influences of the place, and he walks as if on holy ground. The life-like description and vivid sketching so prominent in others of his writings, are exhibited very strongly in this picture of Shakspeare's cradle and grave.

In the two papers relating to the down trodden Indians, Irving, in his usual way, adopts the poetical view of the subject, and in this case Poetry and Romance are upon the side of justice and truth. The severe rebukes which he administered to the old Colonists for their inhuman treatment of the primeval sons of the forest, are all well deserved and full of sympathy for the Indians, "pressing with their flying feet the leaves of a still more distant wilderness."

But we cannot follow farther the details of the "Sketch Book." We have only to invoke for its renowned author a glory in the home beyond the grave, of which his never-dying fame upon earth is only a faint foreshadowing. His life went out serenely and his spirit to a better home of rest. He has passed away from among us

"As fades behind the hill,
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly and still."

"Happy in life, happy
in death, happier still in the reward to which that death was
the assured passage."

"SALMAGUNDI."

THE BROOKS.

How merrily bubbles the brook from the hillside,
Coolest, and freshest, at summer's hot noontide ;
How sweet to the lips of the boy, of the mountain,
Stretched on the grass by the side of its fountain.

How it leaps, and foams, and jingles,
Down the hills, and through the dingles.

Over the brink, of a precipice pouring ;
Wearied at last, of its dashing, and roaring ;
Through the wide meadow, it wends its way slowly,
Under the waving grass, murmuring lowly ;
And the trout, and minnow hide,
Neath the bank, on either side.

Grown, by addition, to larger proportion ;
Deeper, and wider, and strong in its motion ;
It turns the great wheel, of the dusty old miller,
Or pours from his flume, in a white foaming pillar ;
Works the plane, the loom, the drill,
Turns the saw, and cider-mill.

Under the oak, and the low drooping willow,
Near the great farm house, where it is shallow,—
Here is the ford, which the hay-carts pass over,
Laden with herds-grass and redolent clover.
The farm boy, stands upon the brink,
While the lazy cattle drink.

Here the young ducklings, get their education ;
And children can practice a small navigation.
Over the ford, pass the laughing girls dryly,
Borne in the arms, of the lads stepping spryly,
When they seek the flowers of May,
At the early break of day.

Here stand the cows, in the coolness delighting,
Switching their tails at the flies, which are biting.
We love our home, mid the New England hills,
And long for the music of New England rills.
We love to drink from the crystal spring,
And hear the lays the breezes sing.

THE BALLADS OF SPAIN AND BRITAIN.

THE bold, rude genius of an early time, anticipates the culture and imagination of an advanced age, and compels succeeding generations, who would embody thought in song, to many ingenious devices, in order to establish a distinction between themselves and their less cultivated predecessors. Their stock of materials is new—their manners simple—and their subjects of poetic expression, are thus rich in variety,—and though perhaps rude, their poetry has the charm and sweetness of simplicity, and a beauty devoid of art. Add to these qualities that wildness, which distinguishes the adventures of an heroic age, and that sacredness, which attaches itself to ancestral traditions, and you have the causes of that fascination which accompanies the perusal of the ancient chronicle, the ballad, or the romance. *Later* poets, if they would avoid the charge of servile imitation, must “move with constrained gestures and forced attitudes,” where the step of the earlier bard was bold and *unconstrained*. Thus the immortal verse which embodies the genius of Homer, has established the Rubicon, beyond which it were sheer folly for the modern epic poet to attempt to pass. It is noticeable, that the Greeks “preferred the incidents connected with the sieges of Troy and Thebes, rendered gigantic only by the mists of antiquity, to the real and almost living glories of Marathon and Thermopylae.” We love a subject hoary with age; we reverence antiquity. And it is because we love these themes of old renown, that we listen enchanted to the earliest babbling attempts of each national muse. It is such merits as these, that aroused the heroic blood of Sir Philip Sidney as with the sound of a trumpet at every fresh recital of the ballad of Chevy Chase,—that kindled the ardor of Sir Walter Scott, till it burned and shone in the chivalric strains of “The Lay of the Last Minstrel,”—that turns even the phlegmatic German with a loving interest to the simple melodies of the Nibelungen Song,—that gives the old epic of Dante power to stir the heart of the impressive Italian,—and that fires the old Castilian blood afresh at the rehearsal of the ballads of Bernardo del Carpio, or of the Cid.

And though we as Americans, have "no fabulous age, but can trace our history to its beginning," yet, beside the air of romance in the facts of our own story—so vital is its connection with Scottish and English annals, that we hold "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," as one of the immunities of our birthright—an inheritance of ours in fee simple,—and share with them in the glories that cluster around the names of our common ancestry. Of the varied riches of the English tongue—the splendor of English achievement—and the breadth of British intelligence, we are joint possessors. In the far-reaching results of that memorable westward movement, when,

"From the bleak coast that hears the German ocean roar,
Deep-blooming, strong and yellow-haired,
The blue-eyed Saxon came,"

we claim a common interest—and indeed, may reckon ourselves in the vanguard of empire, as "westward," with steady march, "it takes its way."

In the serenades of the Provencal troubadour, the German Minnelieder, or love songs, and the chivalric minstrelsy of Spain, we can claim the interest common to all enlightened peoples, in whatever is extant of an early and peculiar literature.

And here we might remark, that a subject needs not always to be immediately connected with domestic history, tradition, or mythology, to give it interest or even pertinence to a community. The early Romans sought subjects for their *dramas*, from a distant age and a foreign land. And in turn, among the different nations of Modern Europe, the fierce contest of the Horatii and Curiatii, the self-sacrificing patriotism of Regulus, the unflinching sternness of Brutus, "the internal conflicts of Coriolanus, and the tragic fate of Virginia, have been dramatized with success. And thus if we would not appropriate their *themes*, we may at least, with profit, examine the *spirit* of the old Castilian poetry, as it is exhibited in the form of ballads.

Passing by then the elder Italian, Francic, Provencal, and Romance Wallon literatures, we naturally come upon the earliest Castilian. The broad basis on which the literary culture of Spain has ever rested, consists of the picturesque epic poetry—of which the *Cid* is the most brilliant example—the subsequent didactic, "the

ballads and chronicles, the romances of chivalry and the drama." "Two traits of the earliest Spanish literature," says George Ticknor, "are so separate and peculiar, that they must be noticed from the outset,—religious faith, and knightly loyalty,—traits which are hardly less apparent in the 'Partidas' of Alfonso the Wise, in the stories of Don John Manuel, in the loose wit of the Archpriest of Hita, and in the worldly wisdom of the Chancellor Ayala, than in the professedly devout poems of Berceo, and in the professedly chivalrous chronicles of the Cid and Fernan Gonzalez."

Before the Arab invasion the remains of Roman culture had existed among the mountains, and had fostered many gleams of poetic light. But it was not long before that tremendous conflict of twenty generations, which ensued upon this invasion, had its beginning.

And ere "the cross was planted on the towers of the Alhambra" or the receding crescent glimmered in the distance, Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, had again placed Italy "at the head of the elegant literature of the world." These facts will suffice to account in part for the spirit of those early breathings of the popular enthusiasm,—the ballads "heard amidst the valleys of the Sierra Morena, or on the banks of the Guadalquivir." These ballad-tones were mingled with their wild shouts of war, and their songs of victory. Basely enslaved by the Arab invader, the sentiments of patriotism and the hopes of the cross were uttered forth in these rude melodies. The ballads do not possess the characteristics of an imitated literature, and unfortunately for the theory which would deduce them from the Arab lyric poems, not a single Arabic original for any one of them occurs. Moreover the freedom and energy of their style—so far removed from the effeminate brilliance of Arabic productions—united to their high Christian and loyal tone, predicate for them the merits of originality and independence. Again, to all that was Moorish, the Spaniard was implacably opposed;—"so that, until we approach the fall of Granada, we find in them neither Moorish tone, nor Moorish subjects, nor Moorish adventures."

A principal peculiarity of their structure was the *asonante*, which is an imperfect rhyme confined to the vowels, sometimes applied only to the last syllable, and at others, going back to the penultimate or antepenultimate. The art of using the *asonante* is easily

acquired in the Castilian language, and it is frequently continued throughout the whole poem. It is something between our rhyme and our blank verse, and is an ornament to the Spanish poem, since in that language each vowel has always the same power. The *i* in the last penultimate of the following lines, an extract translated from a ballad of Gongora, indicates this to the eye, but on account of the varied power of the vowels in our own language does not suggest the rythm to the ear.

“He the thunderbolt of battle,
He the first Alferez titled,
Who as courteous is as valiant,
And the noblest as the fiercest;
He who by our youth is envied,
Honored by our gravest ancients,
By our youth in crowds distinguished
By a thousand pointed fingers;”—

Popular ballads having for their subjects the exploits of the Cid, were sung as early as 1147. “A *joglaressa*, or female ballad-singer is introduced into the poem of ‘Apollonius,’ written about the year 1250.” But the echoes which reach us of this kind of poetry during the “weak reign” of John the Second, have lost much of their nationality. For the masses of the people were sunk, and their peculiar, true-hearted ballads without consideration. Those which were in vogue had “become of the court, courtly.” But in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Charles the Fifth, they took their entitled rank again. The first book of ballads whose authors are in part known, is dated at Valencia, 1511, and contains thirty-seven. But the traditionary ballads were subsequently gathered from the memories of the people and incorporated in a book under the title of *Silva de Romances*; so that in all more than a thousand have been collected.

There are ballads on Chivalry, Spanish History, Bernardo del Carpio, the Lords of Lara, the Cid, on subjects of Ancient History and Fable, Sacred and Profane, on Moorish subjects, and ballads of an Amatory, Burlesque and Satirical character.

To give a specimen both shrewd and humorous, let us transcribe one or two stanzas, “in which an elder sister is represented lecturing a younger one, on noticing in her the symptoms of love”:—

" Her sister Miguela,
 Once chid little Jane,
 And the words that she spoke
 Gave a great deal of pain.
 You went yesterday playing,
 A child like the rest ;
 And now you come out,
 More than other girls dressed.
 You take pleasure in sighs,
 In sad music delight ;
 With the dawning you rise,
 Yet sit up half the night.

* * * * *

You're in love, people say,
 Your actions all show it ;—
 New ways we shall have,
 When mother shall know it.
 She'll nail up the windows,
 And lock up the door ;
 Leave to frolic and dance
 She will give us no more.
 Old aunt will be sent
 To take us to mass,
 And stop all our talk
 With the girls as we pass.

* * * * *

Thus for your idle follies
 Must I suffer too,
 And though nothing I've done,
 Be punished like you."

She closes with the old proverb :—

" If, when but a child,
 Love's power you own,
 Pray, what will you do,
 When you older are grown ?"

Bernardo's address to the king on Count de Saldaño's imprisonment is thus rendered :—

" The very walls are wearied there,
 So long in grief to hold
 A man whom first in youth they saw,
 And now see gray and old.
 And if, for errors such as these,
 The forfeit must be blood,
 Enough of his has flowed from me,
 When for your rights I stood."

The names alone of the different topics are sufficient to point out their extensive range, and may indicate the variety of thought and feeling to which they give expression. During the last century they were so much in vogue, that we find them in the works of every poet who would stand well with his countrymen. They diverted the soldier in his camp, "and the muleteer amidst the sierras;" they accompanied the sportive dances of the maiden on the grassy plain, and the lover employed them for his serenade; they mingled in the orgies of the reveler, graced the entertainments of nobles, and were welcomed in the holiday services of the church; "the blind beggar chanted them to gather alms, and the puppet-showman gave them in recitative to explain his exhibition." Perhaps no poetry of modern times has been so widely disseminated among the masses, or so influenced the national character. "The ballads in fact seem to have" taken root in "every spot of Spanish soil."

"From the remote period," says Scott, "when the Roman Province was contracted by the ramparts of Severus, until the union of the kingdoms, the Borders of Scotland formed the stage, upon which were presented the most memorable conflicts of two gallant nations." Out of these conflicts arose many powerful chieftains, who maintained minstrels to beguile their tedious hours with the songs of love, or the recitals of romantic adventures with which the age was teeming, and local traditions were full. Hence the ballads relating to the exploits of Robin Hood, a counterpart of the Spanish Cid, of Arthur and his Knights, and all the legends of their popular heroes—their tales of fairies and elves, of magic and of ghosts. Such tales as that of "The Daemon Lover," who claiming an unfaithful mistress—took her to sea, and,—

—"Strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee;
And brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea,"—

as the ancient *gest* of King Horn, so long in the mouths of the people, which commences as follows:—

"Near Edinburgh was a young child born,
With a hey lillelu, and a how lo lan;

And his name it was called Young Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie,—

as that English-toned ballad entitled “The Fair Flower of Northumberland,” which concludes with the warning,—

“All you fair maidens be warned by me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 Scots never were true, nor never will be,
 To lord, nor lady, nor fair England,”—

as the “Willow, willow, willow,” from Percy’s Reliques,—“The Dowie Dens of Yarrow,” in which the knights,

“Late at e’en, drinking the wine
 And ere they paid the lawing,
 They set a combat them between,
 To fight it in the dawning,”—

and the well known story of “The Two Children in the Wood,” which, says the classical Addison, “was one of the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age,” all these are only examples of some of the most common. Let us adduce one other specimen, which seems to us to be full of the most bewitching beauty.

“THE TWA CORBIES.”

“There were twa Corbies sat on a tree,
 Large and black as black might be,
 And one the other gan say,
 Where shall we go and dine to-day?
 Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?
 Shall we go dine ’neath the greenwood tree?

As I sat on the deep sea sand,
 I saw a fair ship nigh at land;
 I waved my wings, I bent my beak,
 The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek:
 There they lie, one, two, and three,—
 I shall dine by the wild salt sea.

Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
 A lonesome glen and a new slain knight;
 His blood yet on the grass is hot,
 His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,—
 And no one kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet ;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,—
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,
I will pick out his bonny blue een :
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theak yere nest when it grows bare ;
The gowden down on his young chin
Will do to sewe my young ones in.

O cauld and bare will his bed be,
When winter storms sing in the tree ;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
He will sleep, nor hear the maiden's moan :
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound, and foxes cry."

Thus the poetic element was struggling to find its place in the civilizations of Spain and Britain. Slowly indeed, at first, but surely did it fasten itself in the national spirit of both peoples. It gave a new spring to the advancement of language, entwined itself around the hearts of the masses, and wreathed the brows of heroes with a garland more lasting than the crown of bay, the Olympian olive, or the palm branch of victory. For the simple feeling of these rude ballads awakens in us a respect for the chieftains they commemorate, and fascinates us ere we are aware. Why it is that one age or people should excel another in the art of poetry may be a mystery. For, as says Carlyle, "it lives in a snow-clad, sulphureous Iceland, and not in a sunny wine-growing France; flourishes under an arbitrary Elizabeth, and dies out under a constitutional George; Philip II. has his Cervantes, and in prison; Washington and Jackson have only their Coopers and their Browns. Why did poetry appear so brightly after the Battles of Thermopylae and Salamis, and quite turn away her face and wings from those of Lexington and Bunker's Hill?" What better answer can we give than that "poetry is an inspiration."

OMNIPOTENCE OF ACTION.

ACTION pervades the universe of God. Its results are everywhere to be seen in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world. From the minutest animalcule that inhabits a drop of water to the hugest monster of the deep, from the tiny blade of grass to the pre-eminent forest tree, from the creation of an insect to the speaking of a world into existence, we see the effects of this all-powerful principle, we behold the workings of omnipotent action.

But man, endowed with mind, having a soul which is itself an active principle, being physically adapted to almost every variety of action, must act in order to fulfil his high destiny, he must *act* or suffer the loss of God-given powers. We act and we are acted upon, it is action that makes us what we are, and it is from a want of it that we are not what we might be. Success ever lies within the grasp of combined mental and physical action. TRYING conquers.

An observing mind can see in every community what may be termed a positive and a negative class. Those of the former class are the moving forces in society. They "place the bliss in action." They are the trying, successful Yankees in every situation of life. In this class, we find many whose positive qualities of character have enabled them to make their mark so deep upon the sands of time that it will never be obliterated. In the other class, we see the machinery but no propelling power, the engine but no steam; no fire of action burns within them, hence, they never start out into any untrodden path. They allow others to do their thinking, and act only by compulsion. In this class are talents, but they are hid in the earth, and there they lie rusting away to nothingness.

Action is often silent and imperceptible in its operation, but this does not necessarily diminish the results of its mighty energies. The genial breath of spring comes, and with its unperceived action effects a universal change, which, if wrought in a day, would fill us with unspeakable wonder. The object before the glass of the Daguerrean artist silently impresses its own likeness on the polished plate. So a spotless example when placed before the mind leaves upon it a true and lasting impression; and as the

artist's plate is polished by action, and thus fitted to receive the life-like picture, so is the soul polished, as it were, by the many sweet and tender influences of love and affection, and rendered susceptible of impressions lasting as that on which they are made.

In the cultivated mind there is a love of the beautiful in inanimate objects. To such a mind paintings, sculpture, and architecture have each their peculiar charm: but there seems to be a living element in the beauty of action which gives it a stronger hold on the heart. As the picture to the original, as the lifeless statue to the living man, as a painting of Niagara to the great cataract itself, so is inanimate beauty, to the beauty and grandeur of action.

We may feel a deep interest in the printed page, but it is the all-powerful influence of action in the eloquent orator that electrifies our inmost soul, and gives inspiration to his words, that brings forth the feelings of his heart and places them, as it were, upon the very palms of his hands.

But if any one needs the aid of this power it is the student, and it lies in designed, persevering, concentrated action. If we have any hope of success it must be in the overcoming power of action. Let us remember that those who help themselves, God helps, and that as we are Godlike in our existence, we should be Godlike in our action.

T.

THE SNOW.

Io, Io! the snow, the snow
Is covering o'er the earth;
Each dancing flake doth try to make
A carnival of mirth.
They flit and whirl and dive and twirl,
These tenants of the air;
You scarcely know whither they go,
Or if they will stay there.

Come, fairy-elves, and rest yourselves,—
Where is your king or queen?—
A flighty race, with feathery face,—
Ye have no home I ween;

Yet all at last, tho' flitting past,
Seem destined at your birth,
To wander here from far and near,
And nestle on our earth.

But lo, the winds have "changed their minds,"
And now remain at peace,
And there's no sound, as to the ground
Descends the wintry fleece.
In slower train awhile remain
These partners of the dance,
Then downward dart with sudden start,
And there doth end the prance.

Those flakes of down thus weave a crown
For mother earth to wear,
Such as no queen hath ever seen,—
Of crystals formed in air!

Io, the snow, Io, the snow !
It falls on land and sea,
It settles down upon the town,
And rests on you and me.

That floating flake hath kissed the lake,
As swallows when they skip
Along the top, and snatch a drop
Of water on their lip.
Their image brings these little things
Close to the mirrored face,
And there they weep upon the deep
In one last sad embrace.

Io, Io, the snow, the snow !
It covers hats and hoods,
And all the roofs and horse's hoofs,
And trees within the woods.
Come, walk with me and you shall see,
There in the forest deep,
When all is still save distant rill,
How solemn we must keep !

A ghostly shroud hangs like a cloud,
O'er ground and shrub and bough,
Of deadly white by day or night ;—
We scarce can whisper now.
That Fir behold, tall, grim and old,
A mantle on his arm,—

A sheeted ghost!—I fear almost
To tremble with alarm.

It lies on all,—this deathlike pall,
While slow descend the flakes,
What cautious care! now here, now there,
Each one its station takes;
They find a place with gentle grace,
On bush and limb and twig;
The tufts of pine their folds entwine,—
A warrior's stately rig.

Ah, then I heard a lonely bird
With solitary peep;
That lock of snow he shook I trow,
Just as he woke from sleep.
The timid hares with wonder stare
Out on the pallid lawn;
And cold their toes and cold their nose
When off they skip at dawn.

And O, the woods, the silent woods,
How solemn is their mien,
When winter snow descendeth slow—
“God's temples,” then they seem.

'Tis cheerful tho' to see the snow,
And *hope* the while for Spring;
It disappears in melting tears,—
But coming birds will sing!
Then out will peep, from wintry sleep,
Arbutus' trailing vine,
And snow-drops rare will nod in air,—
The flowers that shall be *mine*.

But O, the snow, but O, the snow,—
It resteth on the tomb,
And softly lies where tears and sighs
Have mourned *her*—gone too soon.

For him who grieves, those myrtle leaves
Are kept from winter's blast,
And living green shall soon be seen
When wintry days are past.
And thou, my heart, when thou shalt part,
From this thy tomb of clay,—
Then, thro' with strife, the storms of life,
Rest in eternal day.

NORTON.

AN INCIDENT IN A VOYAGE TO CALCUTTA.

A BROTHER and sister—all in all to each other—were bidding a last farewell. Uncared for and unnoticed they were alone in the midst of a crowd. The ship, which was to bear the brother away, was slowly slipping her hawser and dropping from her moorings. The last word was spoken; the brother stepped on board the departing vessel, and his sister stood alone, weeping; her heavy heart sinking at his departure, and her swollen eyes following him as the vessel bore him away. When last seen she was waving a farewell to him—"for whom alone she loved to live and feared to die."

We were bound on a long voyage to the Indies, and our good ship speeding before the wind soon passed Cape Cod, and leaving the last trace of land behind, stood out upon the ocean. There is a sublime feeling—bewildering the soul with its sublimity—which arises, when one for the first time sees the ocean swallow up all objects and completely surround his vessel, while another heavens—sunless, moonless and starless, stretches out beneath him. In this feeling we participated, when we had seen the last shadowy outline of home-land fade away and were alone on the ocean.

Days sped on. We battled with storms of the gulf stream and escaped with a slight loss of spars—we entered the tropics—crossed the Equator, and still sailed on, alone. Our days were occupied in work, but at evening we rested, and reclining on the top-gallant fore-castle, listened to the tales of those who went down to the sea in ships. Thus many a moonlight evening passed away, around which memory yet lingers with a strange fascination. While enjoying those evenings, I learned the history of him whose parting with his sister has already been mentioned. The story is simple.

John Houghton was a son of parents, who, by drinking, made home a pandemonium. In a moment of excitement, John ran off, leaving his only sister to bear alone those hardships he escaped. He sailed to Calcutta, and returning, heard of his parents' death, but of his sister he could obtain no information. Again he shipped for Calcutta, and was on the eve of sailing when he was recog-

nized by his sister, who had followed him to Boston, after the death of her parents, and who, after the labor of the day was over, was accustomed to walk up and down the city, searching with a sister's love, for her lost brother. On the eve of his departure she found him—recognizing his looks—though changed by time and climate. She had found him too late. By his articles he was compelled to sail, though love prompted him to remain, and a sister, with tears, besought him stay. After a few hours of meeting, he left her, promising to return soon and sail no more. Her tears lingered yet upon her cheek, but she kissed him and bade her heart be still. Alas! she never saw her brother more.

We had doubled the Cape and were nearing the Indian Ocean, having passed safely through the storms of the South Atlantic. Fair breezes were wafting us along. Tropical sunrises and sunsets enriched the sky with tints that fled from chillier climates, while the Magellanic Clouds and Southern Cross added new charms to our moonlight nights. A day of unusual mildness had passed and with the superstition of sailors, we were expecting in return, a storm. As evening approached, the sullen movement of our vessel and the appearance of the sky betokened a coming gale. Eight bells (4 o'clock) was struck and our watch went on deck. John was sent aloft to make fast a sail loosened by the wind. I stood alone near the shrouds he had ascended, engaged in some light task. I had proceeded but little in my employment when I heard a strange cry—then something strike the shrouds in front of me—a splash in the water—and all was still again as before. I was stupefied for a moment at—I knew not what. One glance aloft told me John was not there. Springing to the side of the vessel, I saw him rising above the water. With a look of despair and supplication he was stretching forth his hands for help. He did not speak a word, nor did he even cry out, but his look long haunted me, and many a stormy night did it appear before me—above some foaming wave. The men were aroused in a moment; the lighter sails taken in; the ship put about; and the life boat rigged out with all the speed possible in such confusion, but an hour had elapsed before we were where we lost our shipmate. There the boat was lowered with the Mate and four sailors, who pulled off with all their strength. Another hour of suspense

passed as we lay to on the waters. The sun set ; the waves began to foam under a rising breeze. The sky darkened with clouds, and our vessel rocked to and fro as the wind moaned among her masts. The suspense was becoming more painful every moment, when a shout from the mast-head announced the approach of our lost shipmate. He had caught the wooden grating thrown him and borne before the breeze—he came in view—rising and falling on every wave. Every hand on our vessel waved to encourage him, and we could see him clasping the grating with one hand and waving with the other. But by some terrible mistake our life-boat had been sent in a wrong direction and was nowhere to be seen. Our other boats were a mere matter of form. We saw him draw near and look for a boat to save him—we saw him float by on his raft—then disappear in the distance—and we saw him no more. He may have floated for days on his grating, or have been swept off in the storm of the night. But sooner or later, he, without doubt, became the food of some of the many sharks which infest that sea. The life-boat returned about midnight with its exhausted occupants, all hope of recovering the lost one being given up, and it being decided by a vote of the sailors that we had exerted our utmost powers to find him, we set sail and were soon far from our former comrade who was *alone* on the ocean. On the morrow, John's all was collected together and placed away in his chest, to be restored to his waiting sister when we returned home.

LOGIC AND REASON.

INTO the dark, dark future,
Doth the eye of Logic peer,
While on and on I wander,
All distraught with endless fear.

I seek a basis final,
To implant my hopes upon ;
But each base claims another,
And I wander on and on.

I seek to know the Godhead,
But I cannot find him out ;
Each God is but a creature,
And each hope is but a doubt.

Thus the Understanding ponders,
O'er the things of faith and hope ;
Yet vainly does it venture,
With infinity to cope.

But God-enlightened Reason,
With its sharp, unerring eye,
Through self, discerns the Author,
And the ground where hope may lie.

Itself, the Reason finite,
And its source, the Absolute ;
Before itself it speaketh,
But before its God, is mute.



COMPARISON OF THE USEFUL ARTS WITH THE FINE ARTS.

ALL art, whether mechanical or liberal, has for its ultimate object the happiness of man. It attains this object by the aid it affords to the full development of man's power as a physical and spiritual being and to the enjoyment of those comforts and delights which belong to him as the intended master in this lower world of everything that can contribute to his happiness.

Those which contribute to his physical power and comfort are called the useful arts, while those are styled the fine arts, which embodying some living sentiment appeal to the reason and awaken those emotions termed the esthetic.

The mission of the useful arts is the subjugation of the world to the dominion of man. By them man turns nature's laws to his own account and makes her forces the ministers of his pleasure. Their influence is that of a civilizer. History is replete with proofs that in the growth of nations the useful arts advance in the same ratio as the people become more civilized, and it is common to esteem them the product of civilization, rather than the source of it. But a slight investigation will show that the latter is the true idea.

Whatever slight evidences the first glimpses we have of ancient history afford, go to show that the nations of antiquity, like barbarous tribes of the present day, received their first impulse to improvement by means of the useful arts. Conquest in *ancient times* enforced the civilization of superior nations upon the inferior, and in every case where it effected this result, the victory was gained through the advantage afforded by the useful arts, as they then existed.

Now, commerce is the bearer of civilization, carrying to the most distant countries and islands its commodities, by the exchange of which, it awakens in the degraded inhabitants a desire of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, shows them the value and results of labor and incites them to exertion in their own behalf.

By means of commerce too, is the gospel conveyed, and the dependence of the Christian missions upon the useful arts cannot be better illustrated than by pointing to the "Morning Star," that vessel of light to the isles of the Pacific, harbinger, may we hope, of the dawn of Christian civilization in those benighted lands which, but for the useful arts, would have remained uncared for and unknown.

Having thus by intercourse with superior nations learned the value of labor, they soon seek means to economize it. These means are found in the useful arts, and when machinery comes to aid in manual labor then time and opportunity is given to man to attend to higher pursuits and to improve his intellectual condition. Soon education, a system of politics and social refinement begin to exist, and, improvement having once begun, it is impossible to separate the arts from civilization. They go hand in hand, mutually dependent; the arts constantly promoting civilization and this in turn creating new wants, demanding new applications of the arts for their satisfaction.

But there is in man a power deeper and purer than all desire of physical comfort and convenience, which draws his mind away from constant thought of self to the contemplation of the beautiful, the true and the good, and causing him to delight in their expressions wherever they are found. Beauty, truth and holiness are principles, whose harmony constitutes a heaven, whose full embodiment is in the Creator alone of all things, sources always

united of delight to the blessed, angels of happiness even to fallen man. The real presence of either suggest the nearness of the others and the united influence of all three, which exhales from the true expression of each, is as the atmosphere of Heaven, unlike it only in degree.

Man's capacity for delight in these is in proportion to his refinement ; indeed, it is refinement itself. But beauty is the special province of the fine arts. Its sentiments the true artist beholds either in the forms of nature about him, or in the ideals which his own creative genius provides ; and it is his mission to give true expression to these in unmistakable forms ; thus awakening in the great soul of humanity a sympathy with the beautiful and a capacity for delight in it wherever seen or felt.

The equal pace which the useful arts have made with the advance of the human race, shows that their origin is in the mind of man and that they spring from man's necessities as an inhabitant of earth.

The fine arts, on the contrary, in many branches early reached perfection. Homer, the stature of Grecian Apollo, the Pantheon, Raphael's Transfiguration of Christ, and Mozart's Requiem, stand unrivalled in their perfection and have been looked to as models by all subsequent artists. This proves that they spring from a source higher than man. They are the outgushing of that inspiration which He gives, who is the source of all beauty and delight. They flowed from the inbreathings of His spirit as it moved along the shores of the many-voiced Ionian waters and shone upon the king of bards, from the countenance of rosy-fingered morn ; as it breathed from the many-shaded Arcadian hills and through her valleys, varied with the orange tree and the plummy palm, or as it murmurs in the olive groves of sunny Italy, making harmony with the bubbling streamlet, or a sweet accompaniment to the deep roar of the waterfall.

Emotions, awakened by such experiences, in the soul of the true artist and expressed with all that is delightful in form, in color, or in sound, appeal to the great heart of humanity, refining and ennobling each spiritual being alive to their influences and preparing it to enjoy the perfect delights of that higher realm where beauty, truth and holiness are unalloyed.

If this is not the real influence of the fine arts, why is it that they have always been so closely connected with religious worship in all ages? The temples of the gods were ever the shrines of the fine arts, and to religion, whether Pagan or Christian, they have consecrated their noblest works.

Thus the useful and the fine arts, in their missions and separate influences, stand before us. Both are aids to man; the one helps the hands and body; the other, the mind and the heart. The useful arts make nature a servant; the fine arts accept her as a beloved teacher; the one civilizes, the other refines. The one is the embodiment of power; the other is the expression of thought. The province of the one is physical utility; the province of the other is beauty, the divine. The one proceeds from man; the other from God. The aim of the one is comfort; the other seeks for delight. The one aids man as an inhabitant of earth; the other helps him to prepare for the joys of Heaven. The one is a mighty vessel, bearing ever onward the Christian civilization of the world. The other is a lofty temple filled with the spirit of Jehovah, the foundations of which are on earth in the loves and longings of man, but whose turrets point ever upward to the throne of Him, who is the source of all beauty and truth and holiness.

R.

LETTER WRITING A MEANS OF USEFULNESS.

A FRIENDLY letter is a species of conversation; partaking alike of its familiarity and freedom. It is the unrestrained expression of personal views and feelings to one with whom we are intimate. It is the natural life-breathings of friendship. All epistolary correspondence partakes of this easy, frank, familiar character.

In this day of extended postal arrangements, of cheap postage, and widely diffused education, letter-writing has become almost a universal practice. Children in our common schools are amply qualified to engage in it with propriety. It is well to call attention to it as a means of doing good; for it may be rendered an instrument of signal power in "virtue's cause."

Epistolary writing, however, is very liable to be prostituted to mere amusement or to the art complimentary. Familiar letters between friends, especially, are too often filled with emptiest thoughts and vainest details of trifles, with pleasantries, witticisms, playful repartees, comical turns of thought and expression, laughable allusions, or adulatory hints gracefully given—the mere frivolous chit-chat of drawing-room conversation, if not debased to the unworthy office of retailing common gossip and innuendos injurious to character, terminating not unfrequently in distant results, torturing to hearts unconscious of the original source of their pain. Certainly the friendly letter might be filled with religious thoughts and expressions of religious emotion as well, and would be, were the writer's heart swelling with love to Christ. Said Wm. Cowper,—“A letter written upon any other subject than religion is more insipid to me than ever my task was when a school-boy. I am never so happy as when speaking of Christ's mercies to me.”

Can the true follower of Jesus need argument to persuade him earnestly to embrace this method of christian service? It must be most congenial to his hallowed frame. When we sit down to write to a dear confidential friend, he rises up before us in all the reality of life; this fresh conception of him warms our love, awakens our interest, quickens our sense of his trustworthiness, and we feel like expressing what our affectionate hearts desire concerning both him and ourselves freely. The frost of restraint melts away before friendship's vernal ray, and warm gushing conversation flows from our pen just as if he sat by our side. What constitutes the peculiar charm of the letters of those most noted in the art? It is this natural overflow of feeling. It is that *naïveté*—that air of naturalness and artless ease which bespeaks the free pulsations of the heart. If one is pressed full with love to Christ and to souls, he will long to unbosom himself, just as when pressed with any other affection, and he will unbosom himself to his confidential friend, unless considerations of a refined christian courtesy restrain him; and if they are absent, his pen of course, will be the medium of communication. Certainly, he who is in the exercise of pure religious affections will need no constraining to grace his letters with evangelical thought and devotion. They will spontaneously breathe the aroma of Christ-like sympa-

thies. Take a letter of one of those adepts in the art, and literary connoisseurs, Pope, Burns, Byron, Southey, or Wordsworth, written just after reading some popular publication of the day, and you will find it replete with reflections suggested by its perusal, with severe or genial criticisms, with expressions of admiration or of offended taste, telling just the impression the book made on the inner tablet of his being. The letters of Charles Lamb are a transcript of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, redolent as they are with the keenest wit, racyist humor, unexpected turns, strange conceptions and nameless drollery, with which his brain ever teemed. The letter of the pleasure-seeking belle, penned when anticipating amusement in tune with her vain heart, daguerreotypes the expression of that heart at the hour. Why shall not the christian equally daguerreotype his swelling heart on his letter's page? We may indeed, expect with reason, that he who has bowed at the foot of the throne, and contemplated the sovereignty and holy majesty there forever radiating in utterable glory, till his heart is permeated and subdued; or prostrated himself before the Cross and sweetly drank in its compassion and tender sympathies, till his ravished soul exclaims, "I can bear no more," will desire to diffuse his sense of God's sovereign claims, of his own deep sinfulness, and the riches of the Savior's grace, by means of letters to his absent friends. As natural will it be as the gushing over of a bursting fountain. It was thus with Wm. Cowper, who stands second to none in the epistolary art during the few serene months of Christian peace which ensued his restoration from insanity and his conversion to Christ occurring about the same time. In the freshness of his new experience and heaven-inspired joy, his soul seemed to sing from morning to evening, and the burden of his song was salvation by the blood of Jesus; and which in after years inspired his muse to warble the strain so touching to every Christian heart;

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be,—till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor, lisping, falt'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave."

His letters at the time were filled with the theme of his heart. Even his business correspondence is tinged with the light of Calvary. He could not seemingly pen a line congratulating a friend on his marriage, when most, as instinct with the fire of wit as was he, would be tempted to mirthfulness, without speaking of the marriage of the church to Christ. His heart is so full of his "best beloved," that his pen seems ever dipt in redeeming blood. This mode of usefulness, when available, is surely but the dictate of the Christian heart yearning to promote the Savior's glory.

And such letters can scarcely fail to carry with them a Divine influence; coming fresh from the heart, vitalized by the Holy Ghost brooding over it, they will have a tendency to warm and quicken the heart addressed. Such letters have too a preservative element. They may well be kept in packages, rich treasures of devotional feeling, fragrant memorials of departed friends.

Said a pious mother to a son whom she was training for usefulness,—“In every letter you write, say something about Christ.” If he obeyed this instruction through a long life, his influence in this way must have been incalculable. The reader, who will make this a rule in all his future correspondence, conducted judiciously and with refined delicacy of feeling, will meet results which eternity alone can unfold.

Yet many there may be, perhaps some professors of religion, who, after running their eyes cursorily over these lines, will thoughtlessly continue to write letters of mere amusement or compliment, as useless as the chaff winnowed from the wheat. But let them not forget, inconsiderate as they are, that “the Judge standeth at the door.” Indeed, let us all rivet the thought in our memories, and bear it there as a living reminder of duty, that as we must give account for every word spoken, so every letter written must be reviewed at the bar of final award; and let us prayerfully engage in such correspondence only as we shall rejoice to meet, and all its far-reaching consequences, both on those we love and others perhaps yet unborn, at that soul-trying scene.

Letter-writing may be employed greatly to widen the circle of one's personal influence. Wherever his friends or acquaintances live in the civilized world, his letters, glowing with christian love, may reach them as visiting angels alluring to heaven. How many persuasions to a holy life, admonitions and entreaties, may one send forth in a single year—in five years—in ten years—in a lifetime—many of which will be read with tears and thanksgiving both to God and to the writer long after he is in the grave.

The letter has, in some respects, the advantage even of personal conversation in the bold and honest expression of the heart. There is sometimes a nice susceptibility of feeling or diffidence exceedingly embarrassing to minds of a peculiar mold, in personal conversation, from which one is comparatively exempt when sitting at his desk, and the person he addresses is at a distance. He can speak with more freedom and point and pungency, and perhaps with more tenderness; for he can have more time both for meditation and for mingling prayers and tears with his arguments and appeals. Besides, the one addressed receives the letter and reads it alone, free from those feelings and sentiments which might disturb his reflections in the presence of his friends. He is in the best of all positions to receive good influences—alone with his conscience and his God.

There is also an apparent delicacy in communicating an unwelcome truth, an admonition, or even consolation in affliction, by a politely expressed note, which some finely susceptible minds readily appreciate, and which genially opens their hearts to its reception, as the smiling beams of the sun expand the flower to drink in their vitalizing warmth to the nourishment of its own beauty. There is, likewise, in the composition of a letter, opportunity to select words and phrases adapted to individual temperaments and modes of thought, imparting to it a special efficacy to fasten itself on the conscience, and to wind itself around the affections. Thus, by addressing a line now to one in despondency or perplexity, now to a sinner anxious and distressed, or rejoicing in a new-born hope, now to a christian mourning the withdrawal of God's countenance, or in a backslidden state, silently and delicately encouraging or reproving, always in language harmonizing with the sensibilities, character, and position of him

addressed, one, in these little ways, may diffuse a wide-spreading and ever augmenting influence, as works the moisture circulating in imperceptible rillels through the soil, giving vitality and bloom to grass and flower.

Thus letter-writing may be made an engine of great power for diffusing salvation,—even greater in some instances, than personal conversation. In perusing the memoirs of eminent christians, we find that many have employed this agency extensively, and have been blessed in their work. Every christian who has the education competent, (and a very little education is competent for this work) may thus augment, almost indefinitely, his power for regenerating mankind. While he who writes vain or mere playful, amusing letters, over which his friends may smile, will have much to answer for at the bar of final award, he who stores them with expressions of warm christian feeling, and of deep scriptural experience, will, by the blessing of God, have much to rejoice over through eternity.

Happy, indeed, would it be, were all our mails loaded with letters breathing of salvation and immortal interests, bearing to loved friends messages of spiritual comfort, or thoughts to pierce the obdurate conscience, each a word in season, carrying forward the glorious work of redemption, over which both writer and receiver will rejoice together in eternity. Will not our mails, in some future day, for which the saints are praying, bear burdens so holy that they may well wear for their device, the angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach, and as a motto, the song of the angels,—“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.” We may reasonably anticipate this, for in that day, men being holy and burning with zeal to glorify the Savior’s name, will employ every possible instrumentality. Letter-writing will not then surely be among the least used, nor the least efficacious.

JUSTIN.

MY SISTER.

Whene’er a clear blue eye I see,
Speaking with grace and love,
The tenderest thoughts awake in me,
Of a sister now above;

A sister whom I never knew,
In all her priceless worth,
Until her spirit meek and true,
Had winged its way from earth.

UNREFORMED REFORMERS.

AMIDST all the happiness attendant upon human existence, notwithstanding the lofty purposes and noble feelings which mankind are continually exhibiting, there has ever existed much in the character as well as in the social and individual condition of men, which has earnestly demanded attention and improvement. Oppression's iron hand has never been at rest. The good of the whole has, in too many instances, been subordinated to individual or party aggrandizement. And, stranger than all, by continually scorning and trampling upon the means offered for their improvement, and sinking themselves into the lowest depths of degradation, which even a selfish regard for their own interest would have taught them to avoid, individuals have ever been their own worst enemies. Hence the pages of history and the results of observation afford little encouragement to one who would fain believe in human perfectibility.

There have, in every age of the world, been those who, seeing the misery to which their fellow men are subjected by their own misdeeds, have honestly striven to produce a change for the better, to show mankind their errors and lead them to reform. Nor are we of the number of those who affirm that all reformers, or even a large proportion of them, can justly be charged with consulting their own interest while ostensibly laboring for the good of others. Lives spent in self-denial, in opposing powerful and time-honored institutions, in enduring the sneers and frowns of the world, and all this for a long course of years without seeing the wished-for result, if such result is ever seen, testify not to a desire to promote self-interest and self-gratification, but to a settled determination to make the world better and thus happier by their efforts. Unsuccessful they have often been, injudicious in the means made use of, and very imperfect in their exhibition of the principles which they have attempted to teach, yet we may not deny that at heart they have usually been sincere.

It is our purpose to consider, at the present time, some of the reasons why so many would be reformers have failed to exert any lasting influence upon the world. In other words, we propose to consider some of the reforms, of which a majority of reformers

themselves stand in need, in order that their efforts may be productive of more real good. And though we do not ignore the fact, which is of the most vital importance in connection with this subject, that no reformer can be permanently successful who is not guided by principles of morality and religion, yet we shall limit ourselves to a consideration of the more prominent errors of life and conduct, by which their influence in the world is necessarily diminished.

And the first and perhaps most important reform demanded in this respect is that reformers shall see to it that they themselves are free from habits and vices precisely similar to those for whose overthrow they are laboring. It was said by him who spake as never man spake, "first cast out the beam out of thine own eye ; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." But this injunction, designed to have the widest possible application and having its foundation in the well established fact that mankind will not listen to and be influenced by one who displays any marked inconsistency between his actions and precepts, reformers have in very many instances utterly neglected. One particular vice is singled out from the almost infinite number, that pollute the world, and it is usually one which presents no temptation to the individual, or from which he has been led to reform, and all the labors of an active life, it may be, are spent in efforts to drive it from the world. Yet the reformer himself may, at this very time, be the slave of other and perhaps more injurious practices. Facts are not wanting to prove the truth of this assertion ; for individuals professing to be reformers and verily believing themselves to be sincere in these professions but yet lacking the cardinal virtue of consistency are not unfrequently to be met with in all the circumstances of life. How many are, to the extent of their influence, engaged in the temperance reform, who limit intemperance to the single practice of using intoxicating drinks, when no truth is more easily proved than that it may extend to a thousand other acts, some of which, in their evil effects, are fully equal to the particular one under consideration. The use of tobacco is an illustration of this fact ; if that can be called *use* which, to however small an extent it may be carried, can be productive of nothing but injury to its victim.

How any person, in this nineteenth century, his breath reeking with the odor of the filthy weed, can hold his head erect and urge men to become temperate, is almost too difficult a question for finite wisdom to answer. But such is human inconsistency. So with many of the opponents of human slavery. Leaving out of consideration the one great wrong, which makes slavery the curse which it is, and for which the slaveholder cannot now be held directly responsible, we mean the degradation of man to a mere animal, there are not a few of the most bitter enemies of the system, who are chargeable with vices precisely the same in kind as those which they condemn. Oppression of the poor, cruelty to animals, or injustice to any being whose condition is less favorable than our own, must be classed in the same category as the treatment which the slave is so liable to suffer from his master. Yet it is not unjust to affirm that these are practiced by many active laborers in the anti-slavery reform.

But we hasten to consider another particular, in which the great majority of reformers stand in need of reform. The idea, which lies at the foundation of reformatory labor, is that it must be opposed to the feelings and prejudices of a large portion of the community. Hence he, who engages in such labor intelligently, expects to encounter opposition and misrepresentation to just the extent that there is any thing of vital importance in the reform which he advocates. And, unless he can endure this with calmness and equanimity, his cause must inevitably suffer. Precisely here is found the cause of the failure of many earnest and self-sacrificing reformers. They feel that they are engaged in a work whose legitimate result will be the elevation of their fellow men, they may be conscious that they are actuated by the best of motives, but they forget that others look at their conduct from a different stand-point, and must necessarily place a different estimate upon their character and motives. Thus feeling that their labors are not appreciated they become morose and at variance with the world, and, by their querulous and fault-finding disposition, counteract all the good effect, which might otherwise have followed their efforts. This it is, which has caused so many who commenced active life imbued with a spirit of reform and eager to bless mankind, to sink into obscurity, objects of contempt not only to others but also to themselves, to lose all faith in human

nature, and, from being the warmest of philanthropists, to become the most bitter of misanthropes.

Among the many other errors to which so-called reformers are peculiarly liable, one only can receive our attention at the present time. We refer to the determination among many of this class to effect the particular reform for which they are laboring in their own way, without reference to the plans or desires of others who may be quite as deeply interested as themselves. Thus, of two individuals laboring apparently for the same object, each adopts a certain course by which alone he deems that the object can be accomplished; if the two methods are alike, then the individuals assist each other, and, so far as their labors are turned in the right direction, they will be successful. But if, as is usually the case, their methods are not identical, and one will not yield all his distinctive ideas and become the disciple of the other, they engage in mutual strife, and, instead of devoting themselves to the real object of their labors, the time and strength of each are spent in attempts to overthrow the other's position and bring him into contempt. Thus the exertions of both are neutralized and a mournful spectacle of strife and contention between those who ought to be friends, is presented to the world. Examples of men living at the present time might be adduced to confirm this position, if confirmation were needed. Men who having sacrificed all hope of popularity for the sake of promoting an unpopular reform, are still rendering all their efforts inefficient by the spirit of hostility, which they take every occasion to manifest towards those who are really engaged in the same work, but who differ from them as to the best means of accomplishing it. If the labor which has been spent in useless discussion and even contention with regard to the best means of advancing the temperance reform, had been applied to direct efforts to save the inebriate, it cannot be doubted that much more satisfactory results would have been attained. Truth is unlimited and he who professes to have discovered all that can be known on any subject is either self-deceived or is attempting to deceive others. Thus active co-operation, so far as it can exist without sacrifice of principle, while it alone can give any hope of success, is the only course which can meet with the approbation of an enlightened understanding and a properly cultivated moral sense.

Too much importance, we admit, cannot be attached to motives; it is on these that individual approval or censure must be based, and ultimate success or failure must be determined by them, when He who knoweth the thoughts and intents of the heart, shall unfold to the universe the whole result of human action, and the connection of each single act with this final result. But when the motives cannot be seen they must be inferred from the conduct, and on our conduct must the judgment of our fellow men be based. Hence we must affirm that, however correct the motives may be, it is the duty of all, and especially of one who would advocate reform, to determine that course of outward conduct which coincides with these motives, and, as far as possible, to act accordingly. It is in vain that we look for perfection in any man or class of men, but it is folly to decide that, because it cannot be reached, it should not be attempted.

EPSILON.

SNATCHES AT SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

IN passing through the curriculum of "Cloisterlife," the thought has often occurred, why is it that we learn all this mess of Greek and Roman mythology, while the nations to whom they once belonged, have passed away, or have so sadly deteriorated that we could never recognize in the squalid Italian mendicant, asking alms of every passer, the descendant of the proud line of the Caesars; nor in the miserable lying Greek of to-day, those whose sires fought so bravely at Thermopylae, to whom Lycurgus gave laws, to whom Solon taught wisdom. The voluptuous Jove, the incestuous Juno, the wanton Venus, and the profligate Apollo, we all know well. We are familiar with the loves and intrigues of Jove, from our earliest acquaintance with the Latin tongue. The offspring of Divine with human, the strange admixture of the mortal with the immortal, gives us a disgust and loathing, while we view with mingled feelings of pity and abhorrence a people whose highest ideas of the Godlike related only to form and feature, while their divinities indulged in a course of vice and crime, lower than the beasts which perish. And we turn with a

triumphant and exultant feeling to our own ancestors, the rough and unpolished Anglo-Saxons, and ask why are we taught so much Greek and Roman religion, while that in which we should feel the most interest, has been left to fade from the memory of man. All we know of the religion of the race, to whom we owe our existence, is found in a meager collection of their traditions called the Edda, and a wildness and darkness rest upon the Poem throughout. It is valuable, mainly, as giving us a slight insight into the condition and character of men before us, who have drifted away on the flood of the past, leaving but dark and scattered relics of what they once were, strewed in the pathway of time. Their wars are over, their banquets ended, and their halls of convivialities closed, their songs silent. Only some rust remnant of their arms is found on the field of strife, the echo dim and dying of their laugh and shout reaches our ears faintly through the lapse of time. The hammer of Thor is laid by. The twilight of the Gods has passed over them and they are gone. And yet not gone, for the great Ash-tree of life, Igdrasil, still is spreading its branches over the western hemisphere and its roots will soon reach throughout the world.

The Scandinavian counterpart of Jove, is Odin, who to his descendants should be dearer and more familiar than he is. Asgard is the northern Olympus, and though the forms which throng it may not be so statuesquely beautiful as those of Olympus, though there may be more vagueness of outline in this Scandinavian abode of the Gods. Something as of shapes far off blue and skyey in outline, yet it is more cheerful and homelike. And we feel a greater measure of respect for these northern warlike, renowned, galloping divinities, than for the voluptuous and drunken parasites of nectar-sipping Jove. As we admire the eagle soaring and sailing in the liquid ether rather than the darting humming-bird sucking honey from each floweret as it passes, so we respect a god who can eat a hearty meal, and wash it down with foaming flagons of ale of his own brewing, rather than one whose appetite must be pampered by a beverage beyond the reach of more humble toppers, while his passions sink lower than the brutes.

In Asgard is Valhalla the dwellings of those who perish honorably in war, while through the branches of the mystic ash-tree whispers all the lore and learning of ages passed and ages yet to come.

One of the most prominent of Scandinavian divinities is Thor, and his journey and exploits must form the principal part of this short sketch of a subject so wide and so interesting. We see him first as he searches for a vessel suitable for the use of the Gods in their extensive brewery. And finding one answering his purpose he claps it on his head and returns to Valhalla with the ears of the pot nearly reaching down to his heels. Thor combines more attributes than Odin. He is represented as making a journey to Jötunheim or Giant-land, a country filled with the enemies of the Asgard divinities. In the course of his travels he stopped one night in a huge mansion upon which he chanced to fall, but was awakened by noises which resembled the rumbling of an earthquake. His companions fled in terror and secreted themselves in a closet, while Thor with his hammer advanced to the door to meet the danger. On coming to the door the noise ceased and Thor perceived the giant Skymir, who enquired of Thor what he had done with his glove. Judge of the astonishment of Thor to learn that the mansion in which he had taken up his lodgings was the giant's glove and the closet in which his companions had taken refuge was the thumb. Thor and the giant journeyed on together till nightfall when the giant lying down to rest gave Thor his wallet of provisions and bade him help himself. Thor, however, was unable to *undo* the wallet, and in his wrath struck the sleeping giant a lusty blow with his wooden mallet. The giant merely awoke and enquired if a leaf had fallen on him, from the tree under which he was resting. Thor's rage was now turned to fury, and no sooner was the giant asleep than a second blow buried the mallet up to the handle in the giant's head. This time Skrymir was sure that an acorn must have fallen upon his head and enquired of Thor how he slept, to which Thor muttering a reply, went away determined to make a final effort with his mallet, which had never before failed him. About daybreak came his chance. The giant slept soundly. Thor seized his mallet so fiercely that his knuckles became white, down it came crushing through skull and cheek and was again buried up to the handle in

the giant's head, who sitting up declared he would sleep no longer under a tree which shed its foliage so frequently. After this incident Thor and the giant journeyed on till they came to the city Utard, the towers and domes of which were so high that Thor was obliged to throw back his head in order to see the top of them. Thor was presented to the King, by whom he was received in a very contemptuous manner, and sneeringly asked what he could do? Thor professed himself ready for a drinking match, whereupon the King ordered the drinking cup to be brought, which he was accustomed to drain at a single draught. Thor eyed the ponderous goblet rather doubtfully, but as he was very thirsty, he seized it manfully, and after a long deep draught he withdrew the goblet with the liquor still foaming near the brim. Again he tried and again the liquor was not perceptibly diminished. The third time after a long and breathless pull, he sat down the goblet in disgust, while the foaming ale broke in a thousand fragments over the top of the cup. The King then pointing to his cat asked Thor to lift her from the floor. In vain did Thor tug. Tabby was as immoveable as if riveted to the ground, and with his utmost efforts Thor only succeeded in raising one paw from the floor. As a final resort Thor proposed a wrestling match, whereupon the King's old nurse Elli, a forlorn, toothless crone, advanced upon him and poor Thor was soon sprawling upon his back. Chagrined and disappointed he retired from the ring and acknowledged himself for the first time in his life worsted. But Thor had accomplished more than he thought. His blows upon the giant Skymer, who was the world, made the hills and valleys. His deep draughts from the horn, which was the sea, produced the ebb and flow of the tide. The cat was the band which held the world together, while the toothless crone was time, who was, no wonder, more than a match for poor Thor. Many are the myths of this kind, which are interwoven with the old Scandinavian theology, more beautifully sublime and significantly grand than any of the mythic legions of the South.

As we turn then to our Anglo-Saxon parentage, let us rejoice that rough and rude though they may be, and the divinities which they acknowledge; they were not the foul, bestial and voluptuous creatures which were the divinities of the more refined and luxurious Greek and Roman. There is that in the northern myth-

ology which bears on it something of the lofty outline and shading of the Hebrew poets and seers. The same bold, vast conceptions couched under wild and dark imagery are clearly seen in their mythology. They seem to have come out from amid the traditions of truth, such as must have been originally revealed by the great Author of light and truth. They bear on them a stamp higher and brighter than can be seen in all the mythologies of a more southern and effeminate race. Their very language is indicative of their originality and higher conceptions above other heathen communities. We give a few illustrations.

The tongue was the sword of words. Rocks the bones of the earth. Night the vail of cares. Herbs the fleece of the earth. Poetry the mead of Odin. A ship the horse of the waves. The earth the vessel that floats on ages, and a rainbow the bridge of the Gods. And while we plod on from Musa and Amo to Tacitus and the Iliad, let us turn sometimes to Thor and Odin, who have vanished away in the twilight of the Gods. "Odin has disappeared. Thor has flung his last hammer. The whole horse world has faded away to return no more. In like manner pass away the highest things. All things that are or have been or will be in this world must disappear and die, and we can only give them our sad farewell.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

I.

HOMELESS and hopeless—despairing with grief,
 Sighing and seeking in vain for relief,
 She wanders up and down ;
 While every touch of the icy stones
 Goes quivering, shivering through her bones,
 And the wealthy laugh and frown.
 Frown at a heart all broken and torn,—
 Frown at the friendless, forsaken, forlorn,—
 Dash her aside to the gloomy lane !
 Laugh with scorn at the twinge of pain !
 Leave her alone on the ocean wild—
 For she's nobody's child ! She's nobody's child !

II.

Crying and crouching beneath the cold walls,
Hearing the music of gaily-lit halls,
In vain her story is told ;
For the fire that gleams on the rich man's hearth,
And the music that fills his halls with mirth
Are not for the cheerless and cold.
Then laugh, if you will, at her pavement bed !
And give her a kick when she asks you for bread !
Aye, push her aside to the gloomy lane,
And never mind for the twinge of pain ;
Oh ! leave her alone on the ocean wild—
For she's nobody's child ! She's nobody's child !

III.

Is there one who believes in a heaven of love,
Is there one who looks forward to glory above,
In all this marble-built street ?
Then out from your treasures of beauty and gold,
Out into the street so cheerless and cold,
And look at those bleeding feet.
Aye, hear if you can, that throbbing heart
And gaze at the tears that freeze as they start,
Then give her a push back into the storm !
And turn, if you will, on that bleeding form !
Oh ! leave her alone on the ocean wild—
For she nobody's child ! She's nobody's child !

IV.

Darkly and dreary the night lingers round,
But angels have smiled where mortals have frowned,
And called from the heavenly walls,
For the soul of the sufferer to loose from the clay,
And guided by seraphs through starry-lit way,
To roam in fairy-like halls ;
No more shall the cold-clutching finger of gain
Point jeerings and scorn at the twinge of pain,
No more shall she wander forsaken, forlorn,
No more shall her heart be bleeding and torn,
For they've called her home from the ocean wild,
This nobody's child ! Nobody's child !

COLLEGIANA.

THE term now closing has brought with it the usual cares and duties of college life, and the usual items of college interest. Our quiet retreat has not been disturbed by remarkably exciting incidents, but we trust we are able to record the noiseless and steady march of progress and success. Though students, as a matter of course, are more attentive to the Recitation Room than any thing else, still our Reading Room and Society Halls are by no means deserted. The last Society elections resulted as follows :—

ALEXANDRIA.

Charles G. G. Paine,	President.
E. Porter Dyer, Jr.,	Vice President.
James C. Houghton, Jr.	Secretary.
Bradford M. Fullerton, }	Senior Critics.
Josiah H. Hunt }	
Rowland H. Allen, }	Junior Critics.
John W. D. Gerrish, }	
George W. Phillips, }	Senior
Elijah Harmon, }	
Alvah A. Knight, }	Junior
Francis J. Fairbanks, }	
J. C. Houghton,	Valedictorian,
	Term Orator.

ATHENÆ.

Aaron Warner, Jr.,
Henry D. Hyde,
George M. Reed,
George F. Merriam,
Nathan Thompson,
Frank G. Clark,
Samuel A. Stoddard,
George F. Merriam,
Henry D. Hyde,
Isaac H. Maynard,
Samuel C. Vance,
James Lewis,
C. Stebbins,

SOCIETY OF RELIGIOUS INQUIRY.

John C. Houghton,	President.
George F. Merriam,	Vice President.
Charles T. Haynes,	Secretary.
Hervey C. Hazen,	Treasurer.

The Societies have recently given up their interest in the Reading Room to a well organized Club. This is as it should be. The change is already very manifestly for the better. The Societies are relieved of a burden which does not properly belong to them, while individuals who are interested, have the matter in their own hands. The Room has been newly fitted up and new

papers have been added to the list, so that those who would read have now abundant opportunity.

Appointments for Junior Exhibition of the Class of '62 :—

Washington I. Allen,	Greek Oration.
George W. Reed,	Latin “
Mason W. Tyler,	French “
Isaac H. Maynard,	German “
M. Fayette Dickinson, Jr.	English “
James H. Nash,	Scientific “

First Class Orations.

Rowland H. Allen,	William B. Graves,
Lucius A. Furney,	Otis C. Newcomb,
Henry H. Goodell,	Timothy P. Stone.

Second Class Orations.

Francis W. Adams,	Henry Gridley,
William J. Binney,	Zechariah E. Lewis,
Arthur G. Biscoe,	Jonas O. Peck,
Joseph C. Clifford,	Truman Tomson,
Benjamin A. Dean,	Samuel C. Vance,
Nathan E. Willis.	

Third Class Orations.

Frank G. Clark,	Frederic D. Morse,
Lucius F. C. Garvin,	Eben Pope,
George Macomber,	Austin P. Stockwell.

Washington's birthday was made a College holiday ; and since no student was permitted to leave town the day was quietly, and perhaps profitably, spent at home. The only noteworthy incident was the “bolt” from evening prayers ; an entirely new thing to the three lower classes, and to the Seniors a souvenir of their first evening's experience as Freshmen.

Dr. Lewis, the celebrated Boston gymnast, was expected here that day to lecture on his favorite topic, but was prevented by previous engagement.

The necessity, however, of efforts to interest Amherst students in gymnastic exercises is already past. Though Prof. Hooker has been kept from his duties by sickness most of the term, the classes continue to practice regularly under their captains with great enthusiasm.

The College Fast, Thursday, Feb. 28th, was a time of much interest and solemnity. In the morning, several letters were read from the Alumni in various Theological Seminaries, expressing their deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the College and its individual members.

It is rumored that the College has received a donation sufficient to establish a professorship in Astronomy. We ardently hope the rumor may prove true. Such a professorship is certainly needed.

Dr. Snell is revising Olmsted's Astronomy. It is fortunate for the works of Professor Olmsted that such a disinterested friend undertakes to perfect and perpetuate them.

Born March 3d, a son to Hon. Lucius M. Boltwood, College Librarian. "Heaven bless the merry child!" and make him the perpetual joy of his fond parents.

A room has been fitted up for the convenience of the Orchestra. They meet regularly twice a week for practice. In music the College community is now inclined to patronize home manufacture.

The following members of the Class of '61 have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa :—

Sidney Crawford,
John C. Houghton,
Elliot Sandford,

M. Porter Snell,
Nathan Thompson,
George W. Waite.

Also George C. Bowers, first choice.

It is with deepest sorrow that we learn the death of George A. Keene, of the class of '60, at Sag Harbor, Long Island, where he had been teaching. His amiable and manly virtues, and above all, his fervent piety had won the hearts of all who knew him.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AT the close of Sophomore year, we started on a mineralogical expedition, with high hopes and bright visions of success. We expected with our own hands to rob Earth of her choicest treasures. But alas! on reaching the "locality," bright dreams vanished, and nothing remained but heaps of rubbish, and a "hole in the ground," in which were specimens many and magnificent indeed, but altogether too firmly rock-bound to benefit those whose only resource was a pocket-hammer.

After coveting long what could not be obtained, and obtaining what could not be coveted, we left considerably crest-fallen, and fully convinced that the way to get good minerals is to *blast*, and get a little deeper down than any body else. We fancied we had learned a lesson that would be of future service. So when it came our turn to furnish the Table, we determined to push our search to the utmost limit, and bring up if possible, crystals that had not been picked over. But oh! the sweating, digging, and blasting! and then nothing but broken fragments at last! With means exhausted, and mean specimens in return, we are in a dilemma very like that of the debtor who must pay his creditor "something or nothing and that quick too." We prefer, as did the creditor, the something side; and to make the best of the matter, have so far humbled our pride, as to take up with picked-over specimens, or any others that we can get. We promise to arrange and exhibit them in the best manner compatible with our ability.——*The state of our country* is now the topic of interest and excitement in every city and hamlet of the land, and hence is allowed a place in our magazine. It is not our purpose however, to give partisan views, or condemn any party or section; but simply to express our sorrow for our country's sorrow, our zeal for her honor, and our hopes and fears for her future prosperity. Can the Ship outride safely this tremendous storm? Many true and brave hearts answer emphatically "yes." But many hearts as true and brave, throb with painful anticipation. This question we will not attempt to answer. But we will try to hope for the best, while we calmly wait for time to work out the result. One thing is certain; this whole secession movement is no trifling or transient matter, as many have tried to make it appear. Its working is too general, too deep, too powerful to admit of any such supposition. We cannot think it a strange freak of human passion merely. We as actors in the scene may, or may not see correctly the hidden principle that has wrought dissatisfaction and anarchy into the very heart of our government; but History will sometime solve the problem, and bring all this anarchy within the province of its own philosophy. If our republican system fails here, its enemies will have gained, if not a complete triumph, an advantage at least, which cannot be easily wrested from them. It is difficult to lose faith in a thing loved. We love our Republic, and therefore cling to it with a trust and confidence which cannot be destroyed except by total failure. Though our government would hardly seem equal to the present emergency, we are slow to question the soundness of the principle on which it is founded. Would that the like persistence of faith were common in even a better cause, that of—*Religion*. Here men are prone to see a "lion in the

way," or beat a retreat at the first note of alarm. When Science reveals truth which seems to conflict with the received doctrines of Revelation, good people often get uneasy and nervous, as if there were danger after all, that Science if left to itself, might possibly undermine the foundations of their faith; as if the principle on which they rest might be reduced to beggary, and suffer rough treatment from the world. A very slight difficulty will often shake one's confidence in those religious principles which are axiomatic in themselves, and backed by proofs without number. But it is as a practical matter that Religion is most distrusted. In most cases, men can stick to its principles with a good degree of confidence, if they are not obliged to practice them. When this is required, their confidence is all gone. We were once riding in a stage coach, when among the various topics of conversation, some one, (strange as it may seem,) introduced that of Religion. "There's not a bit of it in the world," exclaimed a man at our left. When some one tried to induce him to modify so sweeping an assertion, he repeated, "There's not a bit of it, they're all hypocrites!" At last another passenger remarked, "I am a professing Christian myself, but I would like to know where there is a single consistent one; I would go a great distance to see him." This remark seemed to indicate that he had not much more faith in the practical working of Christianity, than his scoffing neighbor. Thus Religion suffers most at the hands of its professed friends. Skepticism is the bane quite as much of the friends of Religion, as of its enemies; and the worst of it is, it will not remain subdued; but must be reconquered in every generation, and thousands of times in one's individual experience. This whole matter is doubtless explained on the principle noted above, that confidence rests where the affections center. If so, the soul of skepticism is the want of love. We ought to understand this fully. that when we have difficulties, we may know how to get at the root of them.—But "The fitting thing for the fit place; anything but dry sermonizing here," some one may say, well then we will stop sermonizing and take up *sermon criticism*; not however to criticise sermons, but only sermon critics. When a discourse pregnant with momentous and soul stirring truth has been delivered, nothing is more common than to hear persons remarking upon the looks, tones, gestures and rhetorical figures of the preacher, sometimes with praise, but oftener with censure. Preachers no doubt ought to be as free from fault as possible; but to parry the force of truth by noting the faults of the messenger who proclaims it, is as foolish as it is wicked, and as wicked as it is foolish. The sermon critic would be more tolerable if he could keep his faultfindings to himself. But he would lose half his enjoyment by so doing, and consequently must spit his venom about to do its death-dealing work upon the unguarded around him. What if the preacher is dull, or not so pleasant in other particulars as could be desired? Is truth to be sought only for its trappings and adornings? But still worse is it to criticise the subject matter of a sermon, as if the preacher had any alternative to preaching the word of truth just as he finds it; as if he might select only the most agreeable parts, and deal out these so as to offend none, and please all. It is not uncommon to hear persons cry out against doctrinal preaching. Such a course seems hardly consistent with comprehensive views of truth. For what can influence our practice except the truth with its solemn sanc-

tions? and again, what is truth or doctrine good for, except as it bears directly upon the heart and life? The most doctrinal preaching then is at the same time the most practical, and vice versa. The safest way therefore for the minister, is to preach what he finds in the *Bible*, and for the hearer, to give good heed and strive to obey. Much of our sermon criticism can be referred to no better principle than that which causes men of questionable character, to declaim loudly against the vileness and injustice of others. We would not forget however, that ministers ought to practice what they preach if they would accomplish any thing good. And it were well if all the prospective ministers in college would regard this principle in their present conduct, so that the force of habit may interpose no obstacle to their future success and usefulness.—*The power of habit* is well nigh irresistible. We once heard of a miller who had constantly tended a country grist-mill for many years, till at length he fell sick of a fever; he grew worse and worse, till at last some one hit upon the expedient of starting the mill. The rumbling of the old mill-stone proved more effectual than the physician's skill, and the miller was soon restored to health and his noisy occupation. Thus habits whether good or bad, natural or unnatural, insensibly gain strength, till their bands are stronger than death. This beautiful law of development insures increasing facility and certainty in a given course, but does not at all decide what that course shall be. If it builds up an impregnable wall to guard virtuous action, it does the same for vice. It is favorable to anything but a radical change of course or character. The period therefore when habits are forming, is at the same time the most interesting and the most dangerous period of life. It is worthy of notice that very little is accomplished by religious and reform societies in their efforts to benefit the generation now on the stage. It is well nigh impossible to reclaim the drunkard, the opium eater, or the tobacco consumer; but it is possible by starting right with the children, to make a stand against these debasing vices. Plastic material can be found only where habits are unformed, that is, with the young. This fact is significant not only as showing the danger of bad habits, but also as pointing out the only ground where benevolent efforts for the improvement of others, can expect success.

The teacher then occupies an interesting and inviting field, and one fraught with great responsibility. His influence is perhaps next to that of home itself. He has charge of mind when thoughts, habits, and principles have hardly begun to take definite form; when the susceptibilities are tender, and the spirit frank and confiding; when the opening bud yields sweetly to the influence of every genial ray; when the pages of life's book are all unsoiled and unworn, waiting for "the pen of a ready writer."—Of teaching while in college we can speak from experience. It is in itself very undesirable. Yet many are placed in such circumstances that it is hardly possible to avoid it. About one third of the Senior class, and perhaps a somewhat smaller proportion of the other classes, were absent part of the term for this purpose. Ought the Faculty then or the Trustees to favor the teachers by adapting the course of study or the vacation to their convenience? We may incur the displeasure of some of our friends, but we must say no not to any great extent. No change should be made that will at all interfere with the thoroughness and efficiency of the college system. Vacations may to some extent be adapted

to the convenience of teachers, as is the case at present, but the course of study should be marked out only for those in constant attendance. If the student must lose time teaching, his more fortunate companions should not be delayed on his account. His misfortune should not be inflicted on them. But teaching while in college is not altogether a misfortune; there are many redeeming features about it. Much as we prize the college discipline, and pity those who underrate its value, we cannot think it an unmitigated misfortune to be forced by circumstances (not by the Faculty of course,) to leave seclusion and monotonous theorizing for a time, and enter as teacher the strife of a living, active, and jostling world. It clears up the atmosphere of listlessness and dreaminess which often befalls the student, and makes him feel the full force of Longfellow's Psalm of Life. It changes him from an underling who must yet have "tutors and governors," to a master and ruler over others, thus inspiring within him a full sense of his own dignity,—his "*spiritual worthiness*." It tries his faith, stretches his patience, and tests his spirit. In fact, school is a kind of mental and moral gymnasium, in which, if he does not strain himself or catch a fall, he is strengthened and bettered in new places all over.

We might speak of the pleasures of the teacher in the village lyceum, the singing school, the reading circle, the home circle, and various other circles in which some of our friends get pretty deeply encircled according to their own account, or rather according to what they refuse to account for. But we will not enlarge. Suffice it to say that the student just back from teaching, is one whom all, especially store-keepers and boarding mistresses, are glad to see, and who, having learned by experience the beauty of good behavior on the part of the pupil, is ready (this is theoretical) to exhibit this virtue constantly in all the duties of college life.—But it is time to check this rambling pen. To our contributors we tender our heartiest thanks for their co-operation. We regret that some articles came too late for insertion in this number; they doubtless will be cordially welcomed in the next. We trust there will be no lack of zeal in supporting the magazine, though writing amid the duties of term time, may be hard as the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." "Thought without words is helpless, and words without thought are empty." We must have both the power of thought, and the power of expression, if we would have success. These come only by practice. Practice we need then, and practice we must have spite of everything. We beg of our friends who have favored us, not to become weary in well doing, and of those who have lacked interest hitherto, to take a "little stock in the concern," and see what a difference it will make. Write with all possible care, lay aside the production till cool, and then condense it one half, and you will need have no fear of failure.

Kind reader, craving your forbearance and sympathy, we place this Ichnolite in your hands and bid you an affectionate farewell.

Exchanges received.—Kentucky Military Institute Magazine, and Rutgers College Quarterly, for January—Miami Monthly, Wabash Monthly, Union College Magazine, and Beloit College Monthly, for February—Oberlin Students' Monthly, Beloit College Monthly, and Miami Monthly, for March. The latter is a new magazine and one of rare merit. We give it our most cordial greeting.

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
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The testimony of large jobbing houses, as well as of retailers in all parts of the country, corroborates the statement of the publishers of Webster, as to the immense *present sale* of their Quarto, as compared with that of the work which claims to be a rival.

They report as follows :

E. P. & R. J. Judd, New Haven, Conn. "Two hundred and ninety-two, Webster ; and but five, Worcester, during the same time."

Applegate & Co., Cincinnati. Three hundred and seventy-two, Webster ; eight, Worcester.

Moore, Wilstatch, Keyes & Co., Cincinnati. "Twenty Webster's Pictorial, to one Worcester's, and have filled all the orders we have received for the latter."

L. Bushnell, St. Louis. Ninety-three, Webster ; seven, Worcester.

Keith & Woods, St. Louis. Webster in comparison with Worcester, fifteen to one. "Our sales of Worcester nearly ceased in a few weeks after it appeared."

Randall & Aston, Columbus, O. "About eight Webster to one Worcester."

Anderson & Fuller, Toledo, Ohio. "Ninety-two Webster to each copy of Worcester."

J. H. Baumgardner & Co., Wooster, O. Fifty, Webster ; "not any of Worcester."

W. B. Smith & Co., Cincinnati, O. One hundred, Webster ; three, Worcester.

George S. Blanchard, Cincinnati, O. "Twenty-five Webster to one Worcester."

Bucher & Kachler, Massillon, O. "Twelve Webster to one Worcester, since Worcester appeared."

C. E. Glines, Marietta, O. "Twelve Webster to one Worcester, since the issue of Worcester."

Bailey & Noyes, Portland, Me. Ten Webster to one Worcester. "In fact, the sale of Worcester has nearly ceased."

A. S. Barnes & Burr, New York. Eight hundred and thirteen, Webster ; one hundred and ten, Worcester.

Sheldon & Co., New York. Five Webster to one Worcester.

A. C. Frissell, Amenia, N. Y. "Thirty or forty Webster's Pictorial, but none of Worcester."

Kinne & Smith, Ypsilanti, Mich. Thirty-two Webster ; no Worcester.

J. L. Corse & Son, Burlington, Iowa. Fifty, Webster ; three, Worcester.

Putnam, Smith & Co., Detroit, Mich. Twenty-five Webster to one Worcester.

Bowen, Stewart & Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Fifteen Webster to one Worcester. Oct. 26, 1860.

E. Werden & Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Twenty-five Webster to one Worcester. Oct. 26, 1860.

Another Western house reports, "Two hundred Webster ; and but one Worcester—and that to a bookseller."

From Prof. H. N. Day, Cincinnati, Feb. 20, 1861.

" * * The immortal work of the Prince of English Lexicographers. * * The wonder is, not that there are proofs of his partaking of our common imperfect and fallible humanity, but that there are so few, and that he was so far in advance of his age. * * To be, I will not say 'the best,' but *the only* desirable Dictionary of the language."

"Webster was the first lexicographer of English who placed definitions and etymology on a proper basis. * * Webster, the chief of English lexicographers — *Prof. Halderman in the Trevelyan Prize Essay.*

From Harvey P. Pect, LL D., Principal Deaf and Dumb Institution, New York, Jan. 24, 1861.

"I can hardly express my admiration of its value. I rejoice that it is used so extensively, and should rejoice still more if it should be introduced into all our schools and seminaries of learning, and be recognized as the STANDARD by every American writer. * * No consideration of this nature can overcome the convictions of my judgment in favor of the superiority of Webster."

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY ABROAD.

Within a few weeks the publishers of Webster's Pictorial Unabridged have received orders for that work from Constantinople, Shanghai, (China,) Beirut, (Syria,) Madura, (Hindustan,) and from the Cape of Good Hope.

Sp. Rep., Feb. 22d.

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